

THE IRIS
WARD SEMINARY
1910













THE IRIS

1910

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As a token of our appreciation and esteem
we, the Class of 1910, gratefully
dedicate The Iris
to
Saura **S**heppe



MISS SHEPPE

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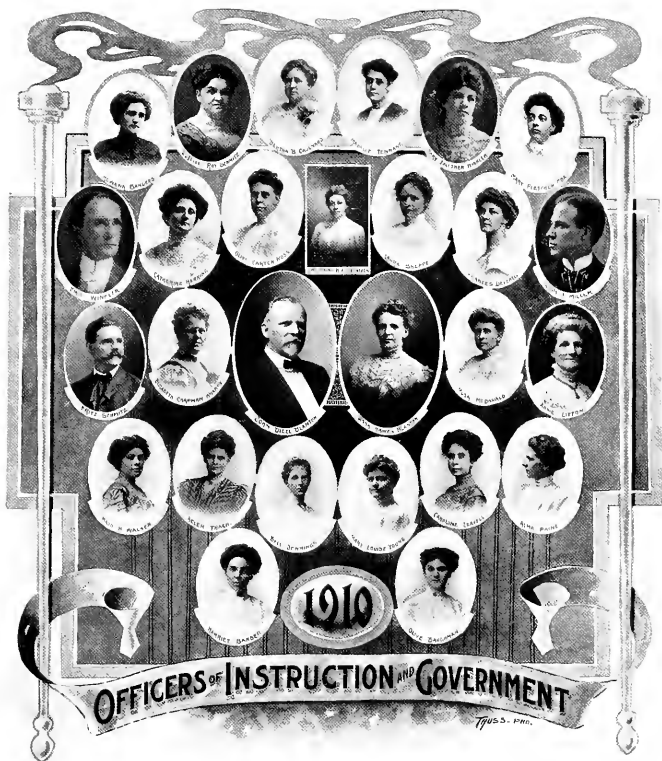
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1910



Irre Staff

Primary

First Intermediate

Second Intermediate

First Freshman

Second Freshman

Sophomore

Junior

Ward Seminary for Young Ladies

CER

ATION

CLASSES



SOPHOMORE.



SPECIAL.



1910

JEAN MORGAN.

SENIOR.

IRIS BRANDAU.

POST GRADUATE.



IRREGULAR.



PORTIA SAVAGE.

MARY CLIFTON ROBERTS.

AGNES COBLE.

JUNIOR.

FRESHMAN.



SUB-FRESHMAN.



VERA LINCOLN.

LAURA FITE

FRANCES STREET

CLASS PRESIDENTS

THUSS-PHOTO.



Seniors—The Center of Gravity

Senior Class

Colors: Maroon and Gold

Flower: Richmond Rose

Motto: "High thoughts seated in a heart of courtesy"

Officers

PORTIA SAVAGE

President

KATHRYN VAUGHN HILL

Vice-President

LUCY WILKIN KIRKPATRICK

Secretary

MARGARETTE STREET

Treasurer

Characteristics

— OF —

A TTENTIVE

W OMANLY

A MBITIOUS

R ELIGIOUS

D UTIFUL

G ENIAL

I NDIVIDUAL

R EADY

L OYAL

A Toast to the Juniors

*Our Senior ships have come at last.
On the world we will make our raids.
But before we go a toast is passed
To you, dear Junior maids*

*To you we give now that we leave
A smile to those who love us,
A sigh for those who for us grieve
For with their tears they move us*

*Though social seas about us surge
We leave this wish for you,
That our examples good shall urge
You, also, good to do.*

*As "it" has come, our graduate year,
We lift our glasses high,
And say, without a single tear,
Dear Junior girls, good-bye.*

*Now as our glasses touch and ring
We hope you may happy be,
And pray that you prosper in every thing
Dear Juniors, good health to thee.*

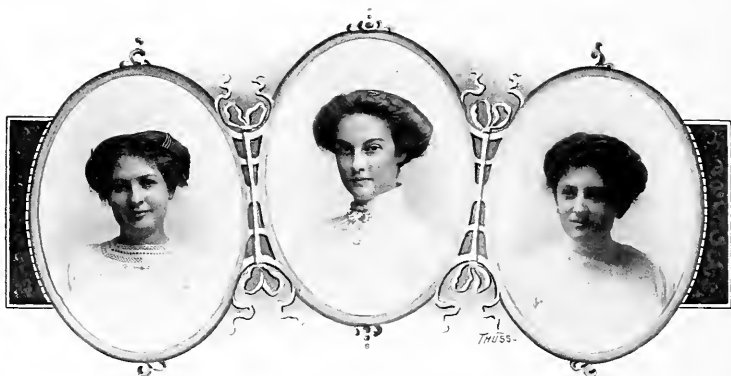
*Next year as Seniors, if you strive
In all like us to be and do,
Work as we work, live as we live,
We'll wish a double health to you.*



ELLEN AMBROSE	Seminary Diploma
VANCE BOGLE	English Diploma
MYRTLE BARNES	English Diploma



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MEDORA CARUTHERS	Seminary Diploma
LUCILE LAURA CHASE	Seminary Diploma



ELIZABETH COOPER English Diploma
 KATHERINE EDWARDS English Certificate
 BLANCHE FERRIS English Diploma



BERTHA HICKS	English Diploma
KATHERINE VAUGHN HILL, <i>Vice-President</i> . .	Seminary Diploma
ELIZABETH HAIL	Seminary Diploma
ELIZABETH INGRAM	English Diploma



LUCY, WILKIN KIRKPATRICK, *Secretary* English Diploma
 EDNA LAMPTON English Diploma
 MARGARET LEAR English Diploma



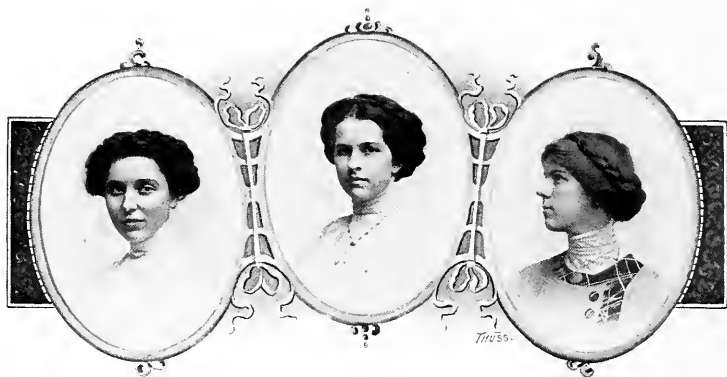
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EDNA MCCALLEN	English Diploma
CORINNE MCCRAW	Seminary Diploma



ELIZABETH MCDARMON	English Diploma
KATIE MONTGOMERY	English Diploma
NELL NEUDORFER	English Diploma



OPHELIA PALMER	English Certificate
WINNIE PERRY	Seminary Diploma
LAVINIA PICTON	English Diploma



FLORENCE CARR RIDDLE	Seminary Diploma
PORTIA SAVAGE, <i>President</i>	Seminary Diploma
HENRIETTA SPERRY	Seminary Diploma



MARGARETTE STREET, <i>Treasurer</i>	Seminary Diploma
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MARY RAY TRIMBLE	English Diploma



MARTHA TURNER	English Diploma
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ELLEN WALLACE	English Diploma



MATTIE LOU WALKER	Seminary Diploma
ELIZABETH WALTON	English Diploma
VENITA WEAKLEY	Seminary Diploma



WARD SEMINARY FOR YOUNG LADIES

To whom these Presents may come, Greeting:

Be it known That

OLIVE CARTER ROSS

has honorably and nobly completed two years of
loving service with, and set high ideals for the present

Senior Class

and in Testimony thereof is awarded an

Appreciation

Given under our hands and the seal of the Institution
at Nashville Tenn., this Twenty-Third of May, 1910

Seniors

Elisabeth MacLean	Lucile Laura Chase	Portia Savage
Florence Carr Riddle	Mary Ray Trimble	Taniel Boger
Myrtle Barner	Cliffia Palmer	Ellen Ambrose
Martha L. Turner	Hermitta J. Sperry	
Jennie Porter Walker	Louise M. Pratt	Edward McCallen
Venita Wearley	Lavinia H. Pickett	Elizabeth Thompson
Katharine Edwards	Margaret Street	Edna Boldt
Lucy William Kirkpatrick	Bertha Louise Hicks	Blauche Ferris
Lucie Mae Mearns	Elizabeth Ingram	Nellie Muckler
Ellen Barbour Wallace	Kathryn Taylor Hill	Margaret Lee
Madysa Oliver Lindsay	Madora Caruthers	Marguerite Leach
Winnie Berry	William M. Mearns	Elizabeth Cooper
Mattie Lou Walker	Katie Montgomery	Edna Langston
Elizabeth Haig		Elizabeth Merton

Later Day History of Art



LAD in my kimona and slippers, I nestled down cozily in the depths of my spacious Morris chair. "I'll make 'S' on this History of Art test to-morrow or die," I heroically remarked to the burning coals upon the open fireplace. "May the saints deliver me from another 'P.'" Nothing seemed to dispute my prophecy of good save the recollection of my former test. The flames darting upward seemed to fire me with encouragement. The fire crackled merrily and cast a brilliant glow on my new scarlet slippers. Outside the wind fairly shrieked. How good to be in front of a roaring fire even with a test staring one in the face. I tucked my feet up in the chair and cuddled down again, gazing fixedly into the fire. "Well, I'll just run over in my mind the pictures we have had this month—let's see, "Ah, yes," I commented yawning, "Yes, of course," more slowly, "there's the first." As I spoke up from the flames rose a large, full-sized picture of a man. I gazed startled, almost bewildered—surely I have seen that face—but in what museum is it found—can it be in the Louvre? The picture was in a large gilt frame. The face indicated noble character, a sort of manly grace overspread the whole countenance. The man was of medium height—hair almost entirely gray—rather a rosy face and keen blue eyes. A short mustache he wore and gray goatee. I chuckled to myself. With all his good looks, there was just a little resemblance to Santa Claus. But I must study this more closely—Miss Ross can ask more questions in a minute than most people can in a—but what was my amazement to see the aristocratic-looking old gentleman fade away and only the large frame remain. But my disappointment turned to delight at what I beheld. A golden-haired matron in black evening dress gazed kindly at me. Instinctively I surmised it must be the wife of the man just gone. Her face indicated refinement, even elegance, but there was a certain sadness withal and I shrank back just a little afraid. I could not tell why. The brown eyes smiled encouragingly, but still I was afraid. I wonder who it is and who the author is—what a beastly memory I have anyway. Surely it is not the Venus d' Milo dressed in a black evening dress. I looked again—well, well, what does this mean? The austere features of a very thin lady were before me. Surely she had been in a position of great responsibility for many years, for upon her countenance were seen the marks of worry and distracting care. A rather friendly smile she wore in spite of her austerity as she peered at me through her glasses. I couldn't keep from feeling I had committed some atrocious wrong and retribution was upon me. I must have looked rather sheepish. I could declare I heard her laugh, but surely not, for she was gone. In the large gold frame appeared a woman now whose face seemed the most intellectual I had ever seen. Her hair was brown and forced severely into a knot upon her head over a very insignificant pompadour. Her nut-brown eyes were her most

attractive feature. From the forgotten lore of last year's IRIS came quickly to my mind the little ditty, "And still they gazed and still the wonder grew, that one small head could carry all she knew." Such brilliance—an erratic genius no doubt. I know her sense is by no means common. But she was gone, and in her place a short heavy-set lady. I started, she looked so much like someone I used to know. Her hair was parted in the middle and braided upon her head. She was smiling, almost laughing. Surely she is good-natured and happy I thought—perhaps she is very strong—never ill and never complaining. She looked as if she could cook, sew or do anything practical. She's jolly I know. "Wait a minute," I cried, but too late—she was gone, and in her place in the frame stood a woman whom I decided at once was beautiful. Not an elaborate beauty was hers, but her soft hair brushed back rather plainly, her large violet eyes and her well-formed mouth all gave evidence of her charm. She evidently was devoted to some art—perhaps music, who knows. "I love you dear," I breathed. My! not you! for before me was a very heavy-set man. He wore a large mustache and appeared not overly timid or retiring. There was a certain gruffness about him. Still he had a good-natured face—looked as one watching a chance to tell a joke. He must be a foreign singer, but I can't just place him, perhaps his picture is in the Vatican. "O, I know," I cried and sprang up, intending to shake his hand. "You do," a familiar voice sounded, "you'll know more than you think you do in a minute; light bell rang fifteen minutes ago. Haven't you heard the terrible threats and fearful punishments Miss Hopkins has prepared for those who insist on letting their lights so shine before all as to attract attention after ten o'clock?" "Napping," I gasped. "Yes, so I judged," dryly from Jane Eve. "Jove," I groaned, no hope for "S" now, but I did see some mighty fine people all right.



*The way is long
to the*

JUNIOR

Junior Class

Colors: Violet and Gold

Flower: Violet

Motto: "Live up to the best that is in you"

Officers

VERA LINCOLN	<i>President</i>
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SADIE ALLEN	<i>Secretary</i>
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LOUISE SOLINSKY	CHARLOTTE FOX
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MILBREY KEITH	MARIE KERR
LUCY SMITH	MARIE CAMPBELL
FRANCES CORNELIUS	MARIE CORNELLA
SADIE ALLEN	GERTRUDE McSHANE
EMMA BALIE	CORR PALMER
SUE TURNER	LETHA STANLEY
ANNA CARTER SMITH	WINNIE CRAWFORD
FRANCES THORNTON	HELEN CARLOSS
KATHLEEN BALLENTINE	SUE HOLMES
BERTIE THOMAS	SARAH CARUTHERS
MARIE HARWELL	BERTA JEAN PENNY

A Hint to the Wise is Sufficient

*I stood in front of "Ward's" at midnight,
As the Vanderbilt clock struck the hour,
And the moon rose bright over Nashville,
Behind the old school tower.*

*I gave a soft, low whistle
Underneath a window, where one
Who oft recognizing its ringing,
Down to my side would run.*

*Alack! and alas! I lament it;
I must have mistaken the room;
For suddenly down on my forehead,
Descended a shovel, then a broom.*


*Ye gods, and all ye little fishes!
Can my love treat me thus bad?
"Avast lubber," a gruff voice shouted.
My love must have gone stark mad.*

*Back to the campus I hurried;
Wild threats on the night air rung,
Expressing it extremely mildly,
I felt severely stung.*

*Next time I go calling on ladies,
I'll go in the broad day light,
And be entertained in the parlour.
Why, I never did have such a fright!*

C. McK—

What She Wrote

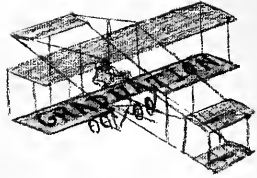
OMETHING for THE IRIS!" Oh, what *could* she write about? She would be only too glad to, in any way, accommodate the crestfallen president of the Junior Class, but mercy, just to think of all those compulsory themes hanging threateningly over her. Consider the length they must have, and then you will see that the poor Junior is burdened by millstones in the guise of "beneficial expositions." Yet, had you been present at that Junior Class meeting you would have seen for yourself the expressions of the right honorable president, the giggles and squabbles of the members, but withal the general hopeless, dejected aspect which spurred on Junior to write "something."

But to begin at the beginning. This particular Junior was busy studying—incidentally it might be mentioned that she was gathering material for a Chaucer theme—when her sub-conscious attention was attracted by that commanding voice on the platform: "I want every girl—(well, were you talking? Come up here.)—every girl to listen attentively to—(you, I thought I recognized your voice; come to the platform)—listen carefully girls. There will be an imp—(Birdie, twenty dictionary words)—an *important* Junior Class meeting in the second reading-room, at the sixth period. Every Junior must go whether she wants to or not; don't forget, sixth period, second reading-room." Again the weary Junior lapses into her study of the nun who "ful weel soong the service dynne. Entuned in hir nose semely."

The sixth period finally comes, and the struggler in question, together with her class-mates, scrambles into the reading-room. There she encounters an irate president. "Now you all listen," begins the august one, "I'd certainly have too much pride in my class to let it have three blank pages in THE IRIS. Those that promised something have backed out, and I don't think it's fair to make me do it all. Helen, can't you do something?" A negative reply is her answer.

After various attempts to draw out a promise of "just anything" she finally switches to the subject of class-pins, not nearly so harrowing a one as the other, and after a few moments of discussion the meeting is adjourned; not according to parliamentary rules, but by the girls' remarking "Shoot" and "Pshaw" and going out pell mell.

One Junior, however, deeply ponders the matter, and that night gets caught with her light on long after the bell, all because she is trying to uphold the space-filling reputation of the clan. Having been scolded thoroughly, she thinks it little harm to keep her light on a while longer. Colored-lady fashion, she "takes her pen in hand," and after an hour's laborious scribbling "emerges triumphant." She has "written something for THE IRIS."



Sophomore



Sophomore Class

Colors: Lavender and Green

Flowers: Orchids and Lilies of the Valley

Motto: "An ill deed cannot bring honor"

Officers

JEAN MORGAN	<i>President</i>
MARIE HOWE	<i>Vice-President</i>
EMMA FRIZZELL	<i>Secretary</i>
JEAN RIDDLE	<i>Treasurer</i>

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JANE EVE BUCKNER		LUCILE PAGE
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LOUISE BREAST		FLORA REEVES
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CHRISTINE CARVER		SARAH E. ROLLOW
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KATHERINE DURY	HARRIET NICHOL WALTON	ALICE SPIRE
MARY DOUGLASS	ELSA MCGILL	GLADYS SAPP
ROBERTA DILLON		LERON TOLMIE
MARIE HOWE		BARBARA WEBSTER
BIRDIE FLEMIN		MARGARET TROUSDALE
EMMA FRIZZELL		MARY THOMAS WARNER
CARRIE JONES	MARY WITHERSPOON	
MINNA ETHEL LOMBARD	KATHLEEN WILLIAMS	
GLADYS NEAL	CARA LEE WADDLE	
JEAN MORGAN	LOUISE WARTEN	
KATHERINE LÉSEUR	MARY WINTERS	



The Wisdom of a Sophomore

*There was a girl in our class
And she was wondrous wise;
In topics, she crossed all her "t's"
And dotted all her "i's."*

*In Latin, she knew all there was
And then she knew some more,
And she could read from Caesar, as
No Ward girl e'er before.*

*In French, she was a wonder,
And Madm'selle said "Tres bien!"
In History, dates rolled off her tongue
As if she had lived them.*

*And when this girl did start to speak
Of roots and cubes and squares,
The class sat mute and gazed at her
With reverential stares.*

*Would you hear what this maiden did
When, finishing this grind?
She went forth in this wicked world
Her soul's true mate to find.*

*In him she found a business man
And learned but one thing more,
For she became a baseball "fan"
And learned to keep the score.*

The Sophomores in Wonderland



ONCE upon a time there lived in Nashville, Tennessee, in a mighty stronghold on Spruce Street, a famous and illustrious class of Sophomores. Far and wide spread their fame, and they performed deeds of might, such and so many that their names became familiar, even to the Seniors. Of their adventures, four were so wonderful that they made them immortal in song and story for all times.

Now, you must not believe, on reading this story, that all these gallant Sophomores were faultless and struggled bravely against overwhelming odds without complaint, for they were mortal and had the faults of mortals. There were some who fought half heartedly, striking feeble blows against their enemies, and yielding occasionally to the many temptations that assailed them at every turn. There was one whose curiosity was a sore besetting sin. Many hours did she spend watching the affairs of all the others, and so interested was she in the downfall of each poor comrade that she well nigh forgot to attend to her own progress. Another might almost be called a coward, for she was absent from many of the daily battles, yes—even for a week at a time—resting calmly in the hospital, while her companions toiled on. Another, small of stature but large of spirit, was unwilling to endure restraint, and would sit down by the roadside refusing to rise, even at the command of the leader. And yet she was one of the best fighters in the band and courageously overcame every obstacle.

I.

Of the adventures of this brave little army, one was a journey into a place where "all the land was topic books, and all the sea was ink." In this land was the lovely forest of Arden and the enchanted wood where Comus dwells with his rout of monsters, headed like sundry sorts of wild beasts. At one stage of the journey the little band came to a small red cave, wherein lived a terrible dragon, who though small, had the strength of five thousand strong men. And now the Sophomores were sore afraid, and sounds of hasty preparation were heard among them. They gathered together and entered the cave, each armed with a leaden-tipped spear. Then a strange thing happened, and many of the band witnessed it with open lips and staring eyes. The dragon shot forth from its mouth, upon the shrinking little group, dozens of small black arrows that came with lightning-like rapidity. And now the strange part—for while the arrows struck every Sophomore, giving some as many as fifteen wounds, from a few they bounded off as harmless as feathers and fell to the ground. They next passed the stone pit of Raveloe without falling in and after climbing the Catskill Mountains (for whoever has been in the Sophomore Class must remember the Catskill Mountains) they found themselves in the beautiful land of Sleepy Hollow. When they returned, they said that of all the girls they saw their favorites were Elizabeth

Bennet, Sophia Primrose, Countess Isabelle and Katrina Van Tassel. Of the men they thought Quentin Durward, Mr. Burchell, Mr. Darcy and Brom Bones the most attractive.

II

The most frightful adventure of all was their terrible fall into deep, black Wells. They found it almost impossible to get out and struggled for a whole year among simultaneous equations, squares and roots. The darkness was of a depth undreamed of in the wildest nightmare, and a few, being unable to get out, had to remain in Wells another year. However, the rest of the company, by much hard work, scrambled over the brink and found themselves in the light again.

III

After a few minutes' rest they struggled onward up a steep and rocky hill, and at last came to a blue-barked tree, which bore a million dates, each of which had to be tasted before they could go farther. This meant months of labor, for the tree was hard to climb, and the dates, being of a slippery nature, were not easy to hold and when eaten were found to be bitter to the taste. Then as they left the tree there came to pass a thing whereat they marvelled much, for out of the ground before them there sprang a mighty army commanded by Cornelius Scipio Africanus and Amilius Paullus. Before the dazed and admiring eyes of the assembled Sophomores the two generals "marched their legions up the hill and marched them down again." A little farther on they saw two great bodies of people assembled on two opposite hills and in the midst of them in warlike apparel stood Alexander the Great and Hannibal. On inquiring, they found that the two were preparing for war against each other to prove which was the mightier man.

IV

The next day after this they passed on to the territory of the Remi, the Atrebatis, Morini and the Viromandui. A few of the Sophomores, having secured ponies by strategy, were able to ride through the land, but most of them were forced to travel on foot. The way was long and difficult, for it is a well-known fact that this is one of the hardest roads to travel. When they had been in this land about one week they burned with a great desire to see their fatherland and friends, but Troy having been captured at last by treachery they had to follow Cæsar through Gaul and "the power of keeping up was to no one." These things having been accomplished, the Sophomores, wearied by the long war, hastened to return home.

In the telling these dire adventures lose much of their terror, and those who do not know will perhaps laugh and say "How foolish to make such a fuss over so little." Now, to all who are inclined to think this way we would like

to give a few words of advice—"Just try it and see." And now, if you would learn more concerning the great heroes of the Sophomore band you must go to those of the band who are still alive. From them you may learn the more personal history of their companions in arms. You will hear of each petty quarrel, of each small uprising against authority, of the tendency of some to make great mountains of small mole hills, and all the other daily happenings too small to be set down in this short chronicle.



Freshman Class

Flower: Poinsettia

Motto: "Keep tryst"

Officers

FRANCES STREET	<i>President</i>
LILLIAN DOBSON	<i>Vice-President</i>
FRANCES BARTHELL	<i>Secretary</i>
MILDRED WELLS	<i>Treasurer</i>

Members

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MAY DEW AMBROSE	LINDA HARRIS
MARY BAKER	WILLIE MAI HARTFORD
FRANCES BARTHELL	BERTHA HERBERT
BERTHA LEE BEAN	MUSETTE HOOPER
HELEN CHATHAM	MAGDALENE VORBERG
MARY LEE CROCKETT	MARGUERITE GARRETT
MARY COTTON	MILDRED WELLS
MARY DANFORTH	CORINNE WILLIAMS
LILLIAN DOBSON	ANNA BELLE REGEN
FRANCES DORRIS	AGNES SMITH
AILENE EVANS	ALICE ELOISE STOCKELL
VIRGINIA FOLK	FRANCES STREET
ESTHER WALTON	RUTH TRIGG



Mince Pie



MISS Jennings arose and was about to make an announcement in the chapel: the silence was ominous. The boarders who had been late that morning clutched their books with nervous hands and prepared to go forward to meet their fate with white faces and unsteady footsteps, while the day pupils who had talked, looked pathetically innocent. Miss Jennings descended from the rostrum and approached the center of the chapel; as she moved down the aisle she smiled and nodded on all sides to faces that looked rather relieved at seeing her in such a good humor. "I suppose all of you girls have a vacant period sometime during the day," she said, "and I'm going to give a tea in the parlors from half-past eight until two o'clock, in honor of the Freshman Class. All are invited to attend. Those who have no class this period may follow me into the parlor now." At this she smiled graciously and stole softly from the room. Forty girls filed into the parlor in open-mouthed astonishment. The beautiful spectacle that greeted our sight was certainly most dazzling. A large bowl of orange ice was in the center of the table and tiny cakes were passed around while we laughed and talked. Of course, the bell rang much too soon, and I went to History with a heavy heart. No sooner had we taken our seats, however, than Miss Leavell announced, "Girls, you have all been so good and have studied your lessons so well that I am not going to hear you recite for a while; and to-day I am going to allow you to examine my specimens." We all took great delight in seeing how she canned alligators and preserved snakes, and we positively went into raptures when she brought out her skeleton. We had seen his skull many times, and more than one curious Freshman had screwed her neck in peculiar and painful positions to see what the rest of him looked like.

Algebra was fully as much fun as History. Miss Sheppe told funny stories, and the third period closed with her passing around a box of Huyler's.

Rhetoric came next and we all wondered what Mrs. Wharey would do, and what she would say to the queer goings-on of the other teachers. As we entered her room she looked up from a book she had been reading and smiled brightly. "I have the cutest little story to read to you, girls," she said. "Of course, it's a love story, but I wish all of you would notice the Rhetoric. The name of it is 'Wanted a Chaperon.'" At this we fairly gasped, but nevertheless we all enjoyed that period. The fifth period I spent at the tea. At the sixth period, when I went into Miss Thatch's room for Latin, she announced that she was going to present each member of our division with a Latin pony. "Of course you haven't prepared your lesson for to-day," she said, "so you can go and draw pictures on the blackboards." She insisted that she loved pretty pictures, and that she was sure that we were all talented. I was in the act of making two enormous ears on a very small donkey when I heard a loud noise and looked for my precious pony; but it faded from my sight, and instead I heard an alarm clock ringing with all its might. "It's that mince pie," I said aloud, "and mercy, it's nearly eight o'clock!"

—FRANCES STREET



Sub-Freshman

Sub-Freshman Class

Flower: Golden Rod

Colors: Gold and Green

Motto: "Learn to live and live to learn"

Officers

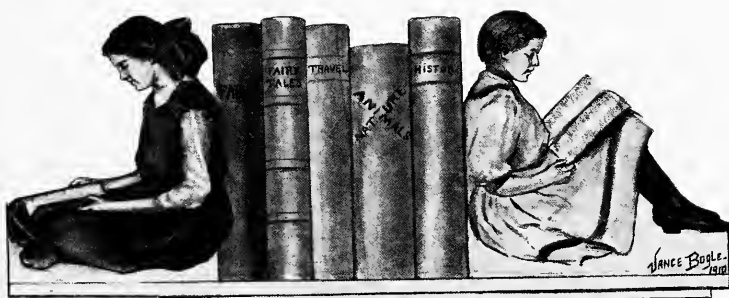
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LADYE WARREN	<i>Secretary</i>
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LOUISE TILLMAN	Nashville, Tenn.
EVA WALTON	White House, Tenn.
LADYE WARREN	Nashville, Tenn.







Intermediate

Intermediate Class

Colors: Green and White

Flower: Lily of the Valley

Motto: "Do it now, and do it well"

Officers

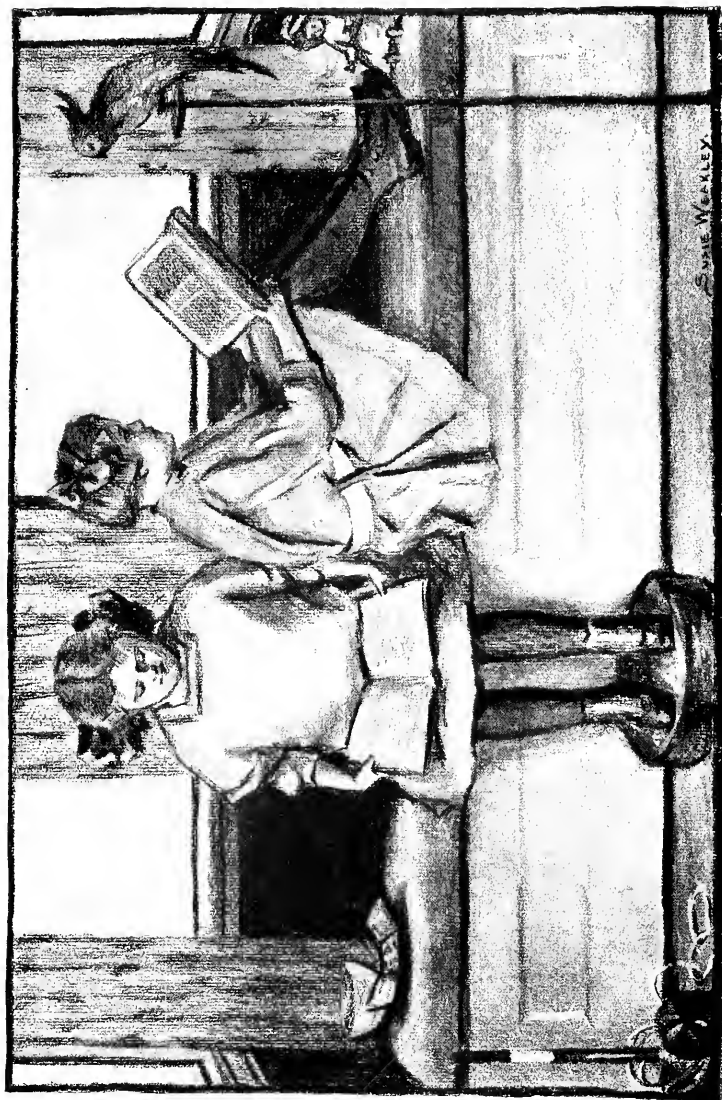
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VAIDEN NANCE	MATTIE WHARTEN
MARY WHEELER	



Primary



"So fair, so sweet, withal so sensitive;
Would that the little flowers were born to live,
Conscious of half the pleasure which they give."

—Wordsworth.



Primary Class

MARGARET HOLLINSHEAD

LOUISE BASS

DOROTHY TODD

SARAH FISHER

ELEANOR GRIFFITH

AVON HAIL

CLARE MURPHY

GEORGIA MIZELLE

TINY MAE OTT

WILLIE C. SIKES

NEOMI TOMKIES

MARY LOUISE NANCE

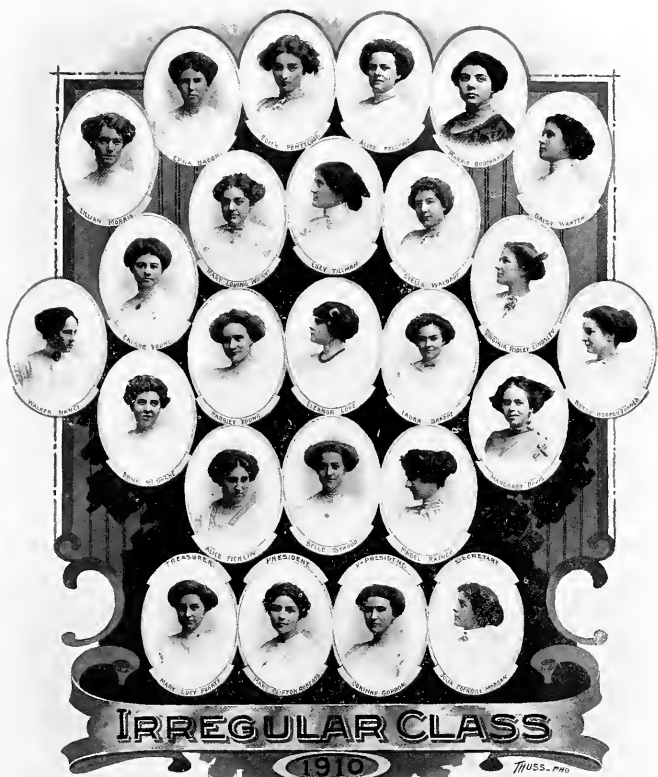
Irregular Class

Officers

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JULIA COCKRILL MORGAN	<i>Secretary</i>
MARY LUCY FUGATE	<i>Treasurer</i>

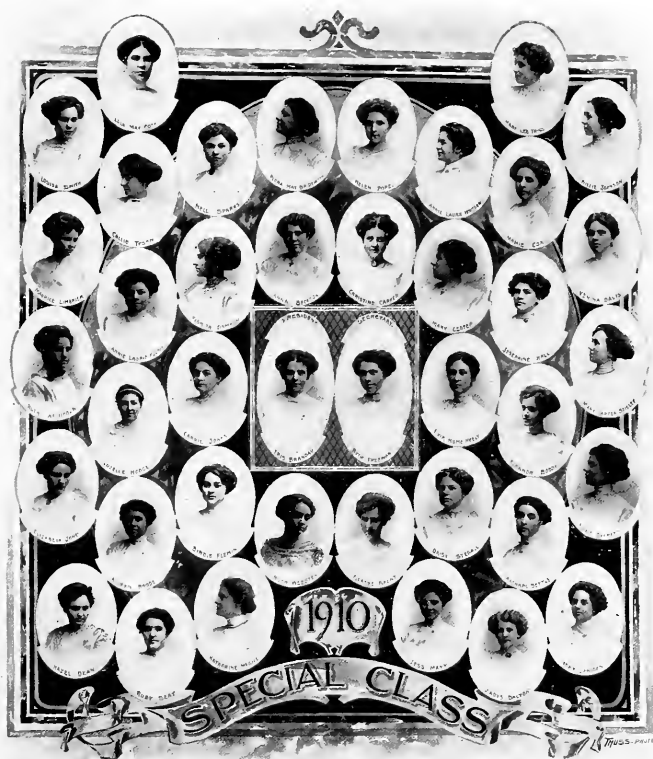
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GLADYS DALTON	EDNA MCSHANE	LUCY TILLMAN
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ALICE FELLOWS		STELLA WALDHROFF
ALICE FICKLIN		DAISY WARTEN
CORINNE GORDON		MARY LOVING WRIGHT
GRACE HALL		HARRIET YOUNG
EVA HAGAN		CALSYE YOUNG
VERA BREVARD KNOX	EMMA BAXTER VAUGHN	



Special Class

RUTH AGRICOLA	LULA MAY COOK	
ANNA BECTON	MAMIE COX	
FLORA MAY BRIDEWELL	ADA CURTIS	
EDITH RICKMAN	VARINA DAVIS	
ELEANOR BODDY	FLORITA DAMRON	
IRIS BRANDAU	HAZEL DEAN	
SADIE CALDWELL	GLADYS ELMORE	
CHRISTINE CARVER	ROXIE EVERETT	
BIRDIE FLEMIN	CARRIE JONES	
RUTH FREEMAN	NETTE WYLIE	ELIZABETH JONES
GLADYS GAUNT		WILLIE JOHNSON
JOSEPHINE HALL		TOPIE LANSDEN
GWENDOLYN HAYNES		MARY LESTER
RUSSELL HENDERSON		MAURINE LIMERICK
LUZELLE HODGE		JESS MANN
KATHERINE MCGILL		RACHAEL SETTLE
CATHERINE MCKAY		LOUISE SMITH
EVIE HUME NEELY		JIMMIE SMYTHE
HELEN POPE		NELL SPARKS
PAULINA ROGERS	MARY CARTER STILLEY	
ALLINE RHODE	JANE TAYLOR	
RUBY SEAY	CALLIE TYSON	
MARY LEE TRIGG	LINNIE TUCKER	
RUTH WEBSTER	LILLIAN WINGO	
ANNIE LAURIE WHITSON	ANNIE LAURIE YOUNG	





Senior
Advanced Literature
and
History of Art



College Preparatory

SUBIE WEALEY.

College Preparatory

Colors: Red and Gold

Flower: American Beauty

Motto: "Get wisdom; get understanding"

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ANITA OSSUNA	GLADYS SAPP





*Music to right of us,
Music to left of us,
Music in front of us
Six like a hundred.*

*In the flat over us,
In the flat under us,
Oh, it was wond'rous
How they all thundered.*

*Music both fast and slow,
Music for heel and toe,
Music for weal or woe,
And they all blundered.*

Ward Conservatory of Music

Special Certificate in Piano

MISS MAY TRAVIS



Domestic Science

Miss Young, Teacher

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MYRTLE KELLEY	BESS EVANS
GWENDOLYN HAYNES	MARY BRUCE JONES
KATHERINE McKAY	AILEEN EVANS
STELLA LEITH	RUTH FREEMAN
ANNETTE WYLIE	OLIVE CARTER ROSS
HAZEL DEAN	ALICE FELLOWS
LILLIAN DEAN	ANNA BECTON
LOIS EPPERSON	JESSIE MANN
CALLIE TYSON	LILLIAN MORRIS
STELLA WALDHORFF	AILEEN FOSTER
JIMMIE SMYTHE	CHARLOTTE EWALT
GRACE HALL	MYRTLE BARNES
STELLA BARROW	ELEANOR ORR
MARY CAMPBELL	SALLIE McCORKLE
	GLADYS ELMORE



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Miss Young, Teacher

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KATHERINE MCKAY	MARY LEE TRIGG
JIMMIE SMYTHE	STELLA WALDHORFF




His Story



ONE afternoon not long ago I was reading in the library, when suddenly the door was thrown open with a bang and the small eight-year-old son of a neighbor came bounding into the room like a young Indian on the warpath. Without waiting for an invitation to remain, he seated himself with a thud on a Persian rug before the fire, crossed his small, well-shaped legs, batted his long, black lashes for the space of half a second, and then, as I had still said nothing to him, he opened his straight, cherry-red lips and cried in a clear, high-pitched voice: "Oh! I say! hello! How're you? What d' you s'pose happened in school to-day? A boy no bigger 'an me sassed a teacher, and that 'Miss Smarty' sent him to the principal. The principal, he whipped him, and the boy he swore at him, so the principal just up and dispelled him!" With this startling information, he arose leisurely, tilted his cap a fraction more rogue-ishly, and stalked out of the room. The last I saw of him he was making for the kitchen, at the same time yelling to the cook, "Oh! I say! Give me a apple."

L. N. S.

“And Love Was Born”

 HE beautiful voice had been silent for days and the drooping form of Blanche Mannering, the popular little prima donna, was a great distress to her many admiring friends. She, herself, hardly realized the cause. It had all happened so unexpectedly, on the last night of her appearance. She had been carried out unconscious after thrilling the immense audience by her exquisite rendering of “Cavaleria Rusticana.” She knew she was lonely, oh, so lonely, and that she hungered passionately for love. She was admired extravagantly, petted by all who knew her, but no one *really* cared, she thought.

Everyone had been exceedingly kind and thoughtful since that dreadful night. Richard Randolph, the handsome, broad-shouldered tenor, had called often to see her during the past few days, had sent her flowers and sweets which had brightened her wonderfully. Why should they bring her comfort, for had not she been showered with these things ever since her first appearance ten years ago, when the beautiful little maid of ten summers tossed back her golden curls and captivated a large audience by her sweet, bell-like voice!

She was interested in Richard Randolph the first day he became one of the opera, and during the past four years in which she had admired his absorbing interest in his work, her interest had deepened, and now she realized that she loved him and that she had done it for years without any seeming response! It had come over her with an overwhelming force on the night of “Cavaleria Rusticana.”

The tenth day of her dullness dawned drearier than the preceding ones, so thought the little singer, and she was in the depths of despair when a knock at the door of her boudoir brought in Adele, her maid, carrying a large florist's box and a card. The delicate pink and sweet perfume of the Killarney roses revived her, and she held out her dainty small white hand for the card.

“Richard Randolph!” she breathed, and hastily gathered a few of the lovely blossoms, pinned them gracefully on her dainty white morning frock, piled her golden curls high on her shapely little head and ran lightly to her small parlor, her fair face rivaling the roses in pinkness.

What a picture she made! And how tenderly Richard Randolph pressed the hand held out to him so shyly.

“Blanche,” he whispered, drawing her gently to him, “Blanche, I could not wait, I came to tell you that I love you!”

The golden curls drooped upon the broad shoulder, the little arm stole upward, and the pink roses were crushed in a long embrace.

What a happy morning they spent! What confessions were made, and what happy plans for the future!

As Richard Randolph reached the outer door he paused with bowed head, reverently listening to the words floating out to him so exquisitely:

"The night looked up to the day
Through a world forlorn,
The day looked down and they kissed.
And lo 'twas dawn!

My heart looked up to your heart
Through a world forlorn,
And your heart looked down and we kissed,
And love, and love was born."

And he understood.

—M. S.

Dejection—An Ode

*What a sad dejected feeling
O'er my heart comes creeping, stealing,
When I a-trembling and a-fearing
Think of tests forever nearing.
Oh! the blackness of our worry!
Oh! the wildness of our flurry!
Miss Jennings too soon announces,
Like a thunder-bolt it pounces;
Words that seal our doom. Alas!
"Paper and pencil to Miss Sheppe's class!"
Oh! the words like these that ringing
To our hearts dejection bringing
Fear of P's like black clouds sweeping
All our days cause tears and weeping!
Oh! that teachers kindly heeding
To our prayers and to our pleading
Would stop these horrid tests for aye!
How happy we would be that day!*

—H. S. '10.

A Package from India



PACKAGE from India, and for me! Oh! how perfectly delightful!" enthusiastically cried a tall, slender girl, in a clear, musical voice, as she quickly turned from her dressing-table, to receive a small box from the hands of her maid. It was about three inches square and one inch deep, and on the pink wrapping paper, in a bold hand, in red ink, was written: "Miss Adrienne Fennel, Saint James Court, Louisville, Kentucky, U. S. A." The recipient of this unusual looking package was gowned in a smart house-dress of thrush-brown silk, and the toe of a small, bronze slipper was thrust provokingly from among its rich folds. The girl's big violet eyes fairly sparkled with excitement as she hastily tore open the unexpected parcel. The corners of her cupid's-bow-of-a mouth twitched from animated curiosity and stray ringlets of silky, blue-black hair fell over her fine, almost marble-like, forehead. Her cheeks and lips flushed a rich crimson as she held up to view in one hand a brass ring about the size of a quarter on which a one-carat, real pigeon-blood ruby was strung between two almost perfect pearls; while, in the other hand, she read from a small card these words: "Have just heard of your approaching marriage, so hasten to send you this token of my approval. A similar hoop every girl in India must have fastened in her nose as soon as she becomes engaged. From the interested party to an 'old sweetheart of mine.' "

L. N. S.

Among the Hills

[Foreword: Harold Bell Wright has just lately begun to celebrate, in his novels, a people as little known and as romantically interesting as is found any where in our country—the“old settlers” of the Ozark Mountains. They are originally from the Virginia and Tennessee hills; and as Mr. Wright has intimated, caught the bushwhacker and Ku Klux Klan spirit too ardently, and melted the two down into a mixture of their own; which mixture was promptly branded “Bald-knobber.” It has been my privilege to live in the heart of the Ozark region of south Missouri and know these people intimately. What follows is a tale of an old Bald-knobber as he told it to me.—L. L. C.]



HE steady old horse picked her way carefully and slowly over the loose stones on the rocky hillside road. It was hard work and there was no hurry, for her rider had let the rein fall over the pommel of the saddle and was not even talking to her. The autumn sun was beating down hot upon the hill so that Daisy C, as well as her mistress, dreamed away.

The rider was a small girl of perhaps sixteen years. She was not especially pretty, as much riding in the sun and wind had coated her skin with tan and freckles; and her hair was braided tightly and confined by a stiff bow, that it might not become loosed by the jolts of the horse. Her light gingham dress was neat and cut in a style which proclaimed her at once a “town girl.”

The girl was very evidently dreaming. While the sure-footed Daisy jogged on her rider slouched in her saddle and gazed at the scene before her. Far off were the low-lying, blue-green hills extending away down into Arkansas. At the right she looked down the steep slope, with its dry grass clinging to loose rocks, into the black, rich bottoms. In the wide valley made by the swift-running North Fork the corn stalks were stacked in hundreds of topped cones, and the surplus of the over-abundant pumpkin crop lay rotting among them. Over it all was the haze of the Indian summer, which reigns even in the Ozark hills.

A squirrel, frightened, started from the hazel bushes at the side of the road. Daisy jumped. Back to mother earth came the girl reluctantly. She consulted the little gold watch at her belt.

“Five o’clock Daisy! and where are we? There’s North Fork, but I’m sure we’ve never been on this road before, have we old horse? Jog along; we’ll be put on the right track when we get to this house.”

Daisy, well aware that someone was in charge, accelerated her movement. In a short time she carried her mistress to the place where the rail fence gave way to home-made pickets. The house which seemed a tiny log cabin from the hill road loomed up before them. Set in a yard gay with autumn flowers, it was a dwelling that would put a “bungalow” to shame. It was a large two-story building of logs and plaster, with a great high double-deck gallery across the front.

The girl rode up to the bars and alighted easily. Preparing to fasten her horse, she found a strong but withered hand on the bridle.

"I'll tie her for you" a deep voice sounded.

Looking up, the girl beheld an old man, very tall and erect with a strong face such as she had only seen in the masterpieces of great artists.

"Pretty fine mare you've got."

The girl recovered herself at once.

"Do you think so?" she answered. "I'm mighty proud of Daisy. Her mother was a big Kentucky horse but Daisy was born and bred here in the hills. She's so sure-footed, dad won't let me ride any other." And she patted the sleek shoulder admiringly.

"Can't you tell me the way back to town, please? It is getting late and I am afraid it's a good way."

"A right smart piece, miss," answered the old man, "come in and rest a bit before you start back. Supper's nearly ready now. Run on up and I'll feed your horse."

Nothing loth, the girl ran up to the broad stone step. The savory smell of frying chicken seemed good to the hungry girl. She knocked, but there was no answer. Only the sputter of the skillets and "My Old Kentucky Home" pitched in a high quavering key reached her ears. As she saw that it would be useless to attempt to make herself heard, she sat down and waited until the old man should come back. He finally did, remarking:

"Ma is in the kitchen getting supper; just step around this way."

She followed him around to the back door. Passing to and fro between dining-room and kitchen a little white-haired woman was smiling to herself and singing. The conductor led in the unexpected guest and announced abruptly:

"Ma, here's Thornton's girl. Supper ready? She's got to get back to town before dark."

"Good evening, honey; I've seen you lots of times, but this is the first time I've ever spoke to you. She doesn't look much like her mother, does she, pa?" peering anxiously into the surprised girl's face.

"No," said her husband, "she looks like her dad, and she's just like him, too. Well, my girl, I reckon we'd better tell you who we are. Blackmore is my name, I'm a good friend of your dad's."

"Oh! you are? I'm so glad to know you. Anybody that dad likes is all right."

The old man looked at her narrowly. There was nothing in the girl's face but genuine pleasure. At last he said, slowly:

"Maybe you wouldn't have said that if you had been here twenty years ago. Aint you ever heard your dad talk about me?"

"Why, no, Mr. Blackmore."

"Well, it don't matter; come to supper."

The girl ate as only one healthy with outdoor life can. Everything was delicious from the chicken gravy to the five different kinds of fruit and pre-

serves. The more she ate the more her pleased hostess pressed upon her. At last she could eat no more. She leaned back and talked to the old lady while the mighty old man read a newspaper. Then he looked up.

"Ain't you afraid to ride around the country alone this way?"

"No, Mr. Blackmore, of course not. Daisy is so sure-footed, and there's nothing to fear when your horse is sure-footed. Dad says so."

"My girl, it ain't stumbling over rocks that's so dangerous in this country, according to this paper. *The Columbia Herald* says—"

"Oh! North Missouri!" contemptuously.

"*The Columbia Herald* says 'In Douglass County last year there were nearly twice as many murders as in the whole of St. Louis and Jackson Counties.' How's that for you? You're in the center of Douglass County this minute."

"That old North Missouri paper lied. I don't believe it."

"But suppose it was true, my girl."

"I'm not afraid. Who would want to murder me?"

"You're about right, my girl. We all know you here. We like you and your big black mare. You're Thornton's girl, all right."

The party arose from the table. It was growing late, but there was something mysteriously fascinating about the old couple. They seemed to know her so well, and, best of all, thought the girl, they knew and loved her father. She sat down with them on the big porch.

"Did you ever hear of the time the Bald-knobbers tried to rob your dad's bank?" began the old man meditatively.

"I heard something of it once from other people in town, but dad never speaks of it."

"Your dad's a good man."

"So we know."

"Would you like to hear it?"

"Yes, indeed!"

The old woman shifted uneasily.

"Be quiet, ma," warned the old man, "this is Thornton's girl, and she's all right. I want her to know something of her dad. And even if she doesn't keep a still tongue in her head—" he arose fiercely and looked like some avenging god—"I'd like to see the man in this county who'd arrest Jim Blackmore!"

"I'm not a woman yet, and I can keep a secret," said the girl with vigor. She was afraid the story was spoiled.

The man sank back and said no more. It seemed ages before he began to drawl slowly:

"Twenty-one years ago the railroad came to Mountville. Mountville was then a tiny but flourishing little town with an academy that brought over a hundred outside students to it every year. There was a store or two, and a mill—the old Baker mill, you know, that they call the Excelsior Roller Mills now. But there wasn't any fine big churches or banks or such like there are now. All the new part of town was just plain persimmon and oak woods. They laid out

a public square in the new part and a few frame stores went up around it. Over on the north side, at the place where Tamany's meat market is now, they built the largest store, with a high false front. Right over the door they painted the sign—

MOUNTVILLE BANK

"New-comers was coming in fast and we down here didn't like it. We were afraid they would come into our country and settle it too thick, and it wouldn't be ours no more. And a lot of them new-comers was Yanks. We couldn't stand for that, you know. One of them new-comers was a young man of, say twenty-five, and he was cashier of the Mountville Bank. They said he was from Kansas, and we thought that meant he was a Yank. He was just married, and he had brought his pretty little wife down into this howlin' wilderness to live. That man was your dad, miss.

"Thornton and his wife lived on the old Caxton place. That was before he built Thornton place. The Caxton house was mighty pretty then, but it was a right smart piece from town and set down in a half-cleared patch of timber. It was lonely; and your ma was afraid to stay alone while your dad was gone to the bank. So your dad got Molly here—'noddin' at his wife—to stay with her and do the work. Them was the days when nice girls didn't think themselves too good to turn over their hand for other folks. Your ma wasn't right peert, and she was so little and polite to everybody—"

"Your ma was powerful pretty; you ain't noways like her in looks, miss," interposed the old woman. "She was so white, and her big brown eyes looked like stars and her hair fell clear to her knees when she took it down—all wavy and brown. And she was the sweetest thing that ever came to South Missouri."

"Don't interrupt, ma. Naturally she don't remember. Your dad, he thought there was nobody like his Lucy, and I thought there was nobody like Molly. Your dad and I were alike there; but he had his Lucy and I was trying to get Molly—there was the difference.

"As I was saying, we thought your dad was a Yank. We thought we'd scare him right smart and make him get out. We made it up to rob his bank. Don't misunderstand—we didn't want the money—we only wanted to scare him up. That was why we calculated to go there just before closing time, while he was still there and nobody else about. Your dad always stayed after everybody was gone and locked up everything himself.

"I told Molly about our plan. She thought a heap of your dad, and especially of your pretty ma. Molly wouldn't hear to the plan, and said she wouldn't have me if I did it. I went back to the gang and told them I wouldn't join them under no consideration to rob Thornton's bank. Well, maybe you don't think they guded me. I stood it out, for I sure wanted Molly. Then they says, 'You're a disgrace to us, Jim Blackmore. A man old as you hadn't ought to be so durned chicken-hearted. Like as not Molly's got you squeamish over that little pale wife of Thornton's. Let a soft-handed Yank stay in the country? Shame on you, Jim!'

"That got me. Then I says, 'Let Molly go. I sure want her, but we can't let a Yank stay in the country for *no* girl,' and my heart like to busted, because I thought I'd give up Molly for good.

"I thought of all the bad things I could to sorter comfort myself, I reckon. Before long I'd worked up a first-class rage at your dad. I stormed around like a wild animal, and run him down fearful in my talk. Because I said I hated him so, and I was strong and had an older head than most single men, I was chose one of the five to do the work. That tickled me, too.

"The day came. Of course Molly found it out. I hadn't any hopes she wouldn't. Molly says she nearly cried all day because she couldn't bear to think how bad your ma would feel. And, you see, she knew your dad better than we. She knew he'd put up a fight and then, and then—she knew us. Your ma couldn't help but notice and wanted to know what was the matter. Molly wouldn't tell and your ma thought she was sick and helped with a big part of the work herself.

"About six o'clock us five went into town and down to the bank. The paying teller had just gone out and left the front door for your dad to lock when he came. Your dad was looking over the books when we walked in.

"I walked up to the teller's window. 'Young man,' I says, 'you might as well get out. We're going to take your money here or kill you. And you needn't come back to this bank no more. We ain't going to stand for it. We don't want to kill you: it might scare your wife too bad.'

"'What did you say?' answers your dad. And the first thing I knew there was a big black pistol in the window. That was more than we bargained for, but I wouldn't back down.

"'You Yank' I began—

"'Take care, Mr. Blackmore, I don't want to deprive Molly of a good husband,' says your dad.

"That struck home. I hadn't thought of Molly. I didn't say no more, nor did the other four men. But we was determined to stick it. We hill people don't back down, you know, and we was only waiting for your dad to give in. We didn't want to kill him, you see, if we could manage any other way. It was getting dark and the moon shone in the shiney windows.

"'Ain't your wife getting sorter anxious?' asked one of our men finally.

"'I'll tell her not to worry' says your dad.

"That was before the days of the town telephone, and your dad had a private line between the bank and his house. He reached for the receiver with his left hand, and says to your ma: 'Lucy, I am very busy to-night and will not be home until late. Go ahead and eat your supper and don't worry if I might not get home at all. We had directors' meeting to-day.' I can hear him just as plain yet.

"Then he took his stand as before. Things went on until maybe nine o'clock. Your dad never flinched nor took his hand off the pistol. And there he was—one little man against five big burly mountaineers.

" 'This thing has got to stop,' I says, drawing nearer. And all the men put their hands on their hip pockets. Just then the telephone rang. Your dad kept his eye on us and picked up the receiver again.

" 'How's that?' he says, 'Molly out of her head? Wants to run down town? . . . How? . . . She'll kill herself if she don't? . . . Well, no, dear, I can't come home right now; I wish I could. Fact is, I have company just now. Let Molly come to the 'phone a minute. . . . That you Molly? Yes, he's here . . . I'm afraid I can't help it, Molly. . . . Yes, I'll promise you I won't hurt him, Molly.'

" 'Men,' I says, 'this is too much; the little fellow's not going to give down an inch, but he's not going to hurt me on account of Molly'—and I blubbered right out.

"The other men filed up to the window. 'I reckon you ain't no Yank,' says one of them, 'we won't hurt you none to-night. Go home to your wife.' And we all went away.

"Sometime if you come back to visit us I'll tell you some other things your dad did, and what made us all love him. I can't tell that now—" and the old man put his hand surreptitiously to his eyes.

"My girl, they'll be worrying about you at home. I don't want to run you off, but you're nine miles from town. This road strikes the main road a mile and a half around that corner. Nothing's going to hurt you. We all guard Thornton's girl."

The girl waited until the old man brought around her horse and was lifted lightly and easily to her seat. But for the moon it would have been pitch-dark. Thinking of that other moonlight night twenty years ago, she ascended to the hill road again. Looking back at the old house she saw the couple standing at the gate watching her. She could not hear the old man say:

"Yes, ma, she's Thornton's girl."

—L. L. C.

The Pope is Dead



F RANZ was a little French boy. Nothing delighted him more than gliding up and down the beautiful river which ran through his native city, and to do this he would not only play truant from school, but also would expose himself to the cold of winter and the scorching rays of the noon-day during the summer. While on the water he was utterly oblivious of nearly everything except the exquisite joy that possessed him, and for hours at a time he would drift with the current, one of the happiest little boys in all France. Then again he would take the oars and expend all his young energy while endeavoring to pass the various river craft and reach the quiet and peace of the open country. Sometimes even he would go so far down the river that he would meet the "chain" and then he would tie his small skiff behind, stretch himself out lazily, and be towed back to the docks in the big, noisy city. Until he stepped on land he would forget that he had run away and would not bother himself with making excuses, but then he would remember that his mother would be waiting for him with the inevitable, "Where have you been?" So his youthful brain would begin to work and marvelous were the results sometimes produced.

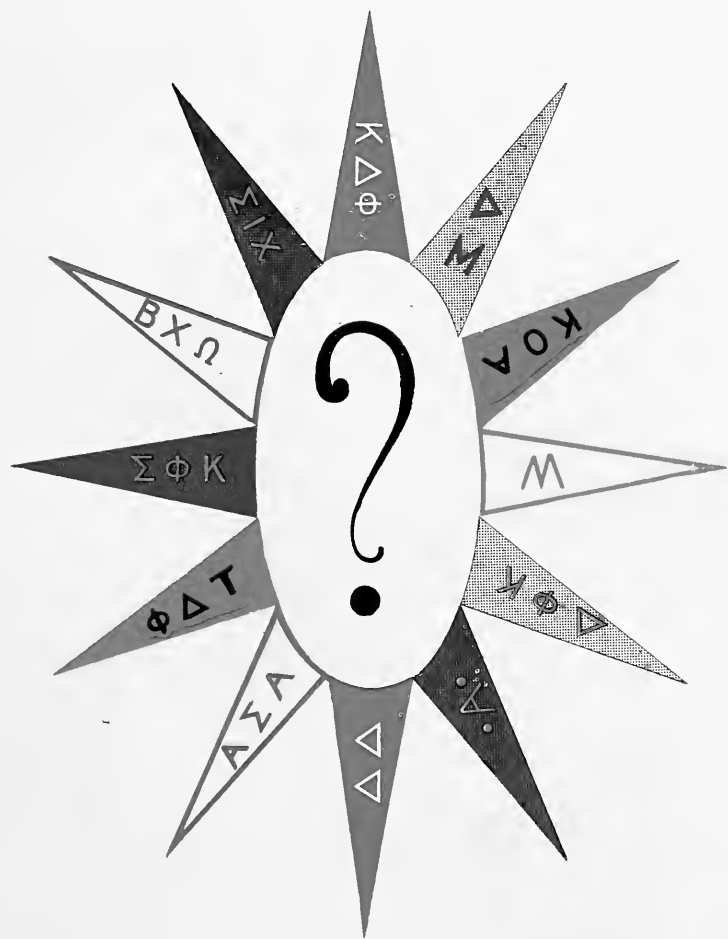
One particular day he remained out unusually late, and ran home so fast through the deepening twilight he did not once think of making an excuse. So for once his mother met him unprepared. The "Where have you been?" though aroused him to the necessity of immediate action, and for one wild moment he stood gasping. Then a wonderful idea flashed through his live brain and he announced excitedly, "Oh mother! The Pope Is Dead!"

Now, his mother was a devout Catholic, and the sudden news staggered her. During supper all the family were silent except when discussing the great calamity, and Franz said to himself, "Thus far I am safe; they are so sad over my news that they have forgotten me."

The evening came on and while Franz's aunt told the family how she had once seen the lamented Pius IX., he sat by apparently reading. No one noticed him, and after a while he slipped off to bed saying, "To-morrow when they learn that the Pope is alive they will be so glad that they will not punish me."

—L. N. S.

SORORITIES









Alpha Chapter of Delta Sigma Sorority

FOUNDED 1894, NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

Flower: Violet

Colors: Light Blue and Royal Purple

Officers

MARY RAY TRIMBLE *Grand High Mogul*
MARY LUCY FUGATE *Vice-Regent*
KATHRYN VAUGHN HILL *Chartularia*
RACHAEL COVINGTON SETTLE *Quaeslor*

Roll of 1909-1910

BARBARA ANN BARKER	JESSIE MANN
ROXIE EVERETT	GLADYS SAPP
MARY LUCY FUGATE	RACHAEL COVINGTON SETTLE
KATHRYN VAUGHN HILL	FANNEIL SKEIN
MARY RAY TRIMBLE	RUTH WEBSTER
SALLIE BAIN	HAZEL DEAN, Pledged

Sorores in Urbe

MISS MARGARET McDONALD	MRS. RICHARD DAKE
MRS. J. E. GARNER	MRS. JOHNSON BRANSFORD
MRS. O'BRYAN WASHINGTON	









Delta Delta Fraternity

Beta Chapter

FOUNDED 1903, WARD SEMINARY, NASHVILLE, TENN.

Fall of 1909-1910

ELIZABETH WALTON	ESTHER WALTON
ELIZABETH COOPER	KATE ECHOLS
CORINNE GORDON	BERTA JEAN PENNY
MAMIE LEGG	KATHLEEN BALLENTINE

Fratres in Urbe

MRS. JOHN THOMPSON
LOUISE LINDSAY
ANN JENKINS
MRS. TILLMAN CAVERT
DOROTHY BIDDLE



Kappa Delta Phi
Beta Chapter

1847
1848



Beta Chapter of Kappa Delta Phi

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

Colors: Red and White *Flower:* American Beauty

Roll of 1909-1910

RUTH AGRICOLA	FRANCES THORNTON
ELIZABETH McDEARMON	RUTH FREEMAN
MYRA WALKER	MARY CAMPBELL
FLORA MAE BRIDEWELL	CARRIE JONES
VIRGINIA McDEARMON	ELIZABETH INGRAM
DORIS PHILLIPS	AGNES COBLE
LORAIN SANDMEYER	

Alpha Chapter: National Park Seminary, Forest Glen, Maryland.







The Argonauts

FOUNDED FEBRUARY 23, 1903

Colors: Purple and Gold

Flower: Iris

Motto: "Honor binds us"

Soreres ex Seminario

MARY GOFF PALMER	AGNES ANNIS
CARRIE DUNCAN HART	ELIZABETH BUFORD
MRS. DOUGLAS WRIGHT	ANNE RUSSELL COLE
MARY DIBRELL	NELL FALL
MRS. EUGENE JONES	SARAH BERRY
MRS. GEORGE A. FRAZER	MRS. LUKE LEA
JESSIE SMITH	AMELIA MCLESTER
WILLOUISE SCRUGGS	MARTHA LIPSCOMB
MARGARET YARBOROUGH	VALERY TRUDEAN
KATHERINE HAMMOND	EMMA MORROW ANDERSON
MRS. K. WARD SMITH	NELLA PATTERSON
MRS. FREDERICK LINDSLEY	ELIZABETH A. GRAY
MARY BROWN EVE	MARY TILLMAN
ANNE GAYLE NORVELL	MARTHA TILLMAN
MRS. STUART PILCHER	MARY FRAZER
MARY DEMOVIHILL	JULIA CHESTER
HENRIETTE RICHARDSON	ANNA BLANTON
CHRISTINE GLENN	ADELE RAYMOND
MARY LINDA MANIER	ELIZABETH RHODES
LOUISE PRICHETT	FRANCES MCLESTER
ELIZABETH OVERTON	HARRIET MASON
	ANNIE BYRD WARD
	MARY LEWIS

Active Members

ELIZABETH THOMPSON	JEAN MORGAN
LUCY TILLMAN	FRANCES BARTHELL
ELSA MCGILL	JULIA MORGAN
ELLEN B. WALLACE	EMMA BAXTER VAUGHN
KATHERINE EDWARDS	OPHELIA PALMER
MARGARET BRANSFORD	EVA HAGAN
ALICE STOCKELL	LAVINIA PICTON
MARY DANFORTH	ELIZABETH HAIL
FLORENCE CARR RIDDLE	MARY TAYLOE GWATHMEY

Honorary Member: MRS. J. B. WHAREY







Kappa Omicron Alpha

ESTABLISHED IN 1904

MARGUERITE LEAR	<i>President</i>
KATIE MONTGOMERY	<i>Vice-President</i>
IRIS BRANDAU	<i>Secretary</i>
MARGUERITE JONES	<i>Treasurer</i>

Members

MAUD E. WALKER	
SADIE ALLEN	MARGUERITE JONES
IRIS BRANDAU	KATIE MONTGOMERY
MARGARET BIRD	LOUISE SMITH
HELEN CARLOSS	EDITH RICKMAN
FLORITA DAMERON	MILDRED WELLS
CALLIE TYSON	MARGUERITE LEAR
Pledged: HELEN McMURRAY	

Beta Chapter: Grove College, Pennsylvania

Gamma Chapter: Indianapolis, Indiana









Phi Delta Tau Sorority

Colors: Black and Gold

Flower: Marechal Niel Rose

Members

VANCE BOGLE	WINNIE PERRY
ALICE FELLOWS	MABEL RAINEY
VERA LINCOLN	ALLINE RHODE
NELL NEUDORFER	DAISY STEGALL
WALKER NANCE	LETHA STANLEY
ELEANOR ORR	MARY LEE TRIGG
RUTH TRIGG	

!

Sorores in Urbe

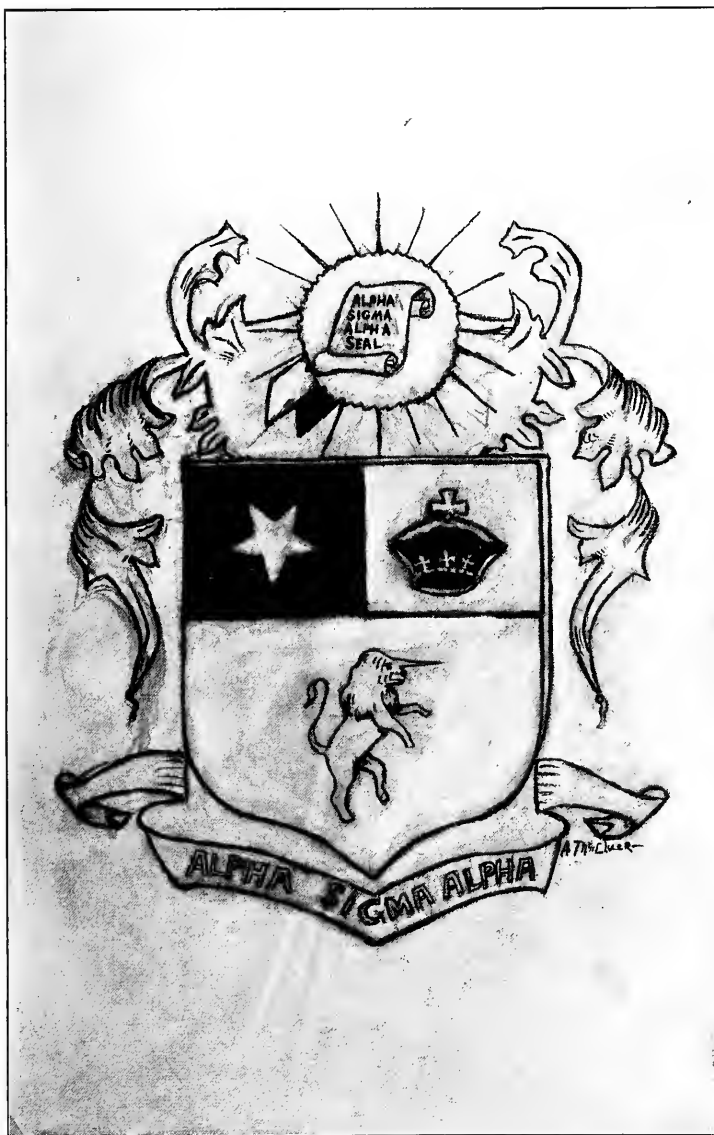
CELIA BAIRD

REBECCA BAIRD









Eta Chapter of Alpha Sigma Alpha

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

Colors: Crimson and Silver

Flower: American Beauty

Open Motto: "To one another ever faithful"

Roll of 1909-1910

ELEANOR BODDY	BLANCHE FERRIS
MYRTLE BARNES	EDNA LAMPTON
MARIE CORNELLA	ADELLA McCLURE
MARY DOUGLASS	EDNA McCALLEN
CHARLOTTE EWALT	VIDA McCALLEN

Chapter Roll

ACTIVE

<i>Alpha:</i> State Normal School	Farmville, Va.
<i>Eta:</i> Ward Seminary	Nashville, Tenn.
<i>Gamma:</i> Woman's College	Columbia, S. C.
<i>Iota:</i> Randolph-Macon Woman's College	Lynchburg, Va.
<i>Sigma Phi Epsilon:</i> Brenau College	Gainesville, Ga.
<i>Gamma Beta Sigma:</i> St. Mary's School	Raleigh, N. C.
<i>Kappa Phi:</i> Mount Union College	Alliance, Ohio

INACTIVE

<i>Beta:</i> Lewisburg Female Institute	Lewisburg, W. Va.
<i>Delta:</i> Mary Baldwin Seminary	Staunton, Va.
<i>Epsilon:</i> Farquier Institute	Warrenton, Va.
<i>Zeta:</i> Fairmont Seminary	Washington, D. C.









Gamma Chapter of Sigma Iota Chi

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

Colors: Purple and Gold

Flower: Violet

Motto: Deus—Libertas—Lex

Chapter Roll

<i>Alpha:</i> St. James-Xavier College	Alexandria, La.
<i>Gamma:</i> Ward Seminary	Nashville, Tenn.
<i>Delta:</i> Conservatory of Music	Cincinnati, Ohio
<i>Zeta:</i> Belmont College	Nashville, Tenn.
<i>Theta:</i> Lindenwood College	St. Charles, Mo.
<i>Iota:</i> Virginia College	Roanoke, Va.
<i>Kappa:</i> Hagerman College	Lexington, Ky.
<i>Lambda:</i> { Gunston Hall	Washington, D. C.
{ Crescent College	Eureka Springs, Ark.
<i>Alpha Gamma:</i> Alumnae Club	Nashville, Tenn.

Sorores in Urbe

SARAH ROBERTSON	LOUISE RHEA	HELEN NELSON
POLLY GRIGSBY	LOUISE STUBBLEFIELD	MRS. GEO. F. ARCHER
MRS. CHAS. A. MOORE, JR	RACHEL HOWELL	MARY SPERRY
BESSIE LEE SPERRY	MILDRED PHELPS	JANIE BARHAM
ANNA EASTMAN	LOUISE BENNETT	PATTIE CALHOUN
SARAH PATTERSON	JENNIE D. WORKE	LESLIE NELSON SAVAGE
HELEN HUNT	NELLIE KING RIDDLE	LOUISE WITHERSPOON
MARGARET WARNER	MILDRED BUFORD	CORINNE WADDEY
MARY CORNELIA GIBSON	MARGARET HOYTE	SARAH LOUISE RHODES
ZARA CHAPMAN	NELLIE WADDEY	MRS. JNO. KNOX

Class Roll of 1909-1910

CLASS OF 1910

PORTIA SAVAGE	HENRIETTA SPERRY
LUCY WILKIN KIRKPATRICK	

CLASS OF 1911

MILBREY KEITH	HAZEL DEAN
MARIE HARWELL	LOUISE WITHERSPOON

CLASS OF 1912

MARIE HOWE	JEAN RIDDLE	EMMA FRIZZELL
MARGARET TROUSDALE	MARY THOMAS WARNER	MARY WITHERSPOON
CLIFFIE ROBERTS		

CLASS OF 1913

FRANCES STREET	ELEANOR LOVE	MARY HAMILTON LOVE
VIRGINIA FOLK	MARY LEE CROCKETT	HELEN BARHAM
KATE SAVAGE		

SPECIALS

GEORGIA HUME VIRGINIA WOOLWINE

MISS CAROLINE LEAVELL, {
MISS MAMIE DUNCAN, { Honorary Members









Beta Chi Omega

Colors: Red and White

Motto: "Loyal, one to another"

Flower: Red Carnation

Sorors in Urbe

LUCILE ALLEN	LENAH HICKS	
HELEN CHAPPELL	LAURA MCBRIDE	
RUTH CRUTCHER	FLAVIA WIGGINS	ANNETTE NELSON
SARAH GOODPASTURE	ELEANOR POTTS	
GRACE HAYES	NANCY SEAWRIGHT	
JESSIE HEARN	OLIVE WIGGINS	

Roll of 1909-1910

MARINET BEASLEY	EUNICE DUNBAR
EDITH BENNIE	BERTHA HERBERT
FRANCES BOND	SARAH HERBERT
MARGARET CREIGHTON	SUE HOLMES
WILLIE RUTH DAVIDSON	HAZEL PAGE
ROBERTA DILLON	LADYE WARREN
SUSIE WEAKLEY	FRANCES DORRIS
LUCILE PAGE	LILLIAN DOBSON









Delta Phi Kappa

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

Flower: Forget-me-not.

FOUNDED 1906

Colors: Gold and Blue

Roll of 1910

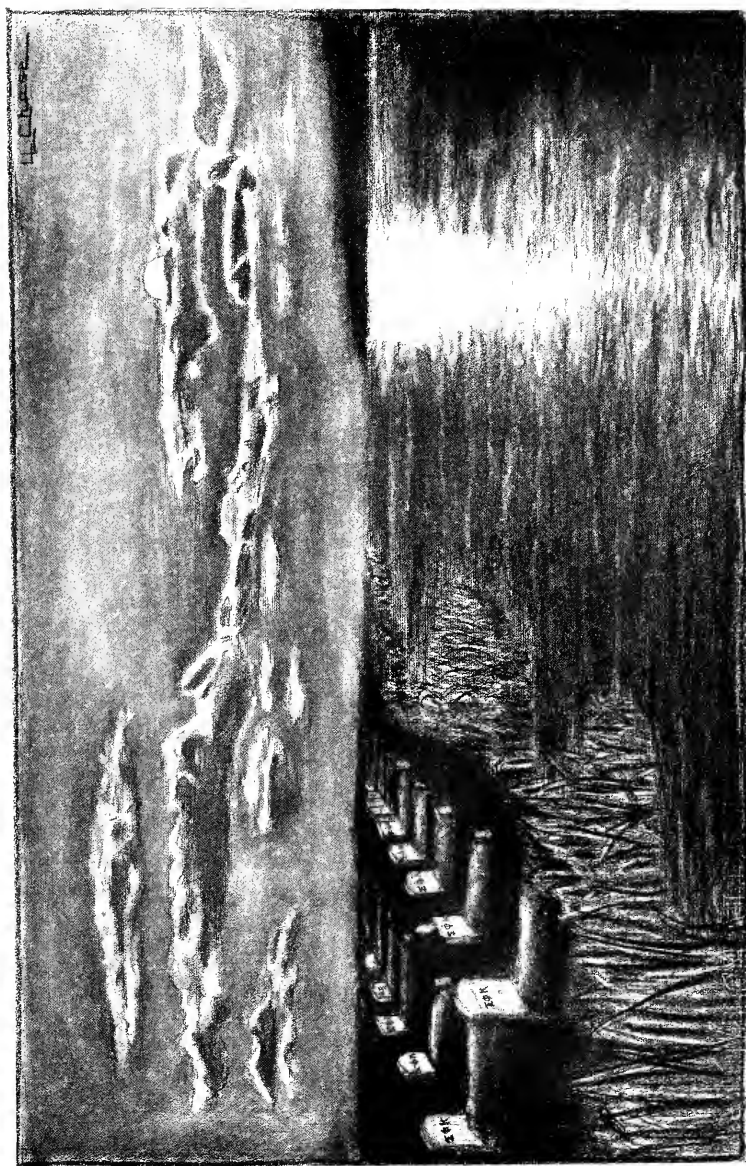
SUSIE MAI BEASLEY	ELIZABETH MCFARLAND
LERA BUSH	EVIE HUME NEELY
ELIZABETH HARRISON	BENTIE THOMAS
MYRTLE KELLY	LINNIE TUCKER
GAY KING	VENITA WEAKLEY
WINNIE CRAWFORD	

Sorores ex Seminario

ROSALIE LITTERER	MRS. W. A. DONALDSON	
WILHELMINA LITTERER	ELIZABETH CREIGHTON	
LOUISE DUDLEY	WILLIE NAPIER	
REBECCA DUDLEY	MARGARET WARNER	
MARIE ROUZER	MARY LOUISE CROSWELL	MARY PATTERSON
MRS. WM. C. PETTY	MRS. EDWIN A. SAYERS	
MARY RANSOM	MRS. WILSON	
ELIZABETH CAMPBELL	GEORGIE BRENNECKE	
MARION HENDERSON	MARTHA WEATHERLY	
JANIE SCHARDT	JANIE SAUNDERS	
MARGARET JONNARD	KATHERINE STREET	

MISS OLIVE CARTER ROSS
HONORARY MEMBER





Sigma Phi Kappa

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

Colors: Blue and Gold

Flower: Pansy

Motto: "Our school and each other"

Roll of 1910

ERNA BACON	ELIZABETH HORN
LUCILE LAURA CHASE	EDNA ERLE KAVANAUGH
SARAH ALICE FICKLIN	CECILE JOHNS
LINDA HARRIS	CORA LEE WADDLE





TYUSS-PHOTO.



CLUBS



Lera Bush



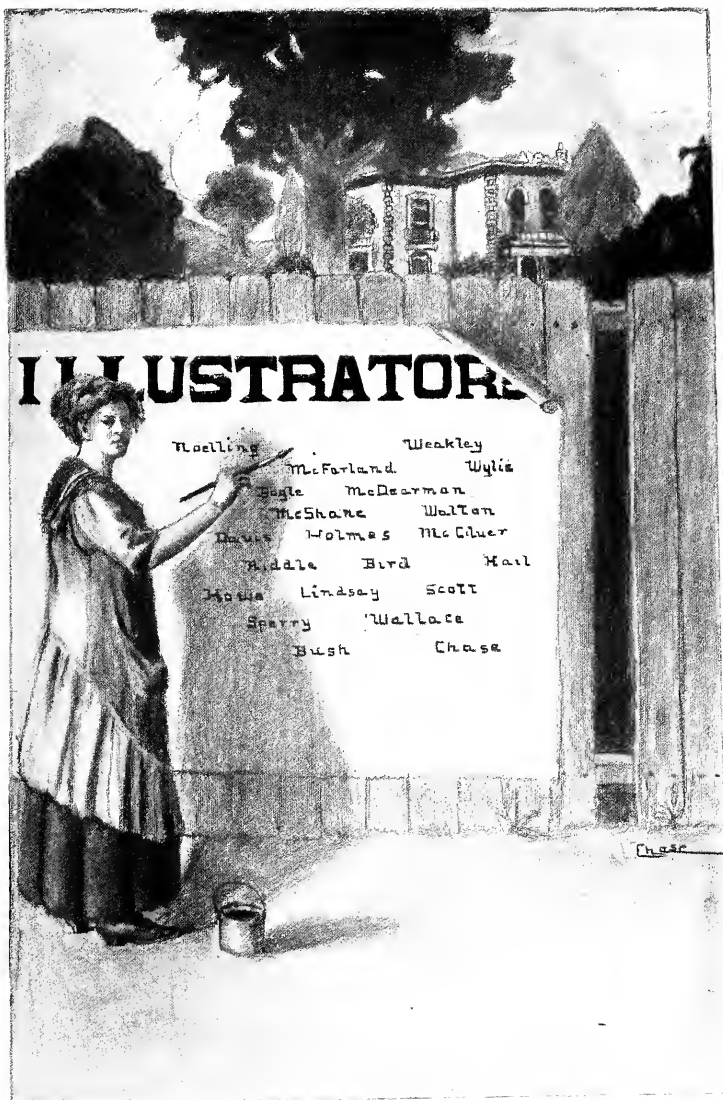
Art Club

Certificates

SUSIE WEAKLEY

ELIZABETH McDEARMON

MARGARET BIRD	ELIZABETH McDEARMON	
VANCE BOGLE	ELSA MCGILL	
CARRA BONNER	EDNA McSHANE	
LOUISE BREAST	VAIDEN NANCE	
JANE EVE BUCKNER	RACHAEL NEIL	
FRANCES CHEELEY	EMELIA NOELLING	
LUCILLE LAURA CHASE		ANNE READ
VARINA DAVIS	ELIZABETH McFARLAND	BROOKE SCOTT
GUSSIE DODD	RACHEL DYAS	HENRIETTA SPERRY
ELIZABETH HAIL	LEBA BUSH	FLORENCE RIDDLE
MARIE HOWE	ANNA BECTON	ELIZABETH WALTON
SUE DAY HOLMES		HELEN WATTS
ELIZABETH GARDNER		MYRA WALKER
DOROTHY LEAKE		SUSIE WEAKLEY
STELLA LEETH		ELLEN WALLACE
GLADYS LINDSAY		KATHLEEN WILLIAMS
ADELLA McCLURE		NETTE WYLIE
FRANCES BOND		ELIZABETH JONES
MARGARITA PARK		LORRAINE SANDMEYER
AGNES SMITH		DOROTHY WILSON



ILLUSTRATORS

Noelling	Weakley
McFarland	Wylie
Boyle	McDearman
McShane	Waltton
Davis	Holmes
Middle	Bird
Howe	Lindsay
Sperry	Wallace
Bush	Chase

Chase



Expression Class

First Year

EMMA VAUGHN ALLISON	AMELIA NOELLING
SALLIE BAIN	AMMIE REEDS
SADIE CALDWELL	FRANCES TOMKIES
HELEN CARLOSS	ANNIE LAURIE WHITSON
LUCILLE COLEMAN	GLADYS BAUGHMAN
FLORITA DAMERON	ELIZABETH HAIL
ATTIE LEE FORD	MINNA ETHEL LOMBARD
RUSSELL HENDERSON	ALLINE RHODE
GRACE HALL	ELEANOR ORR
MARION MATHEWS	MAMIE LEGG
MATSIE WARTEN	

Second Year

LOIS EPPERSON	GERTRUDE McSHANE
PEARL GARDNER	MAJORIE RAY
LINDA HARRIS	LINNIE TUCKER
LUZELLE HODGE	FLORENCE GARRETT

Third Year

ELEANOR BODDY	KATHERINE EDWARDS
MARY LEE TRIGG	



GRADUATES IN EXPRESSION 1910

THUSS. PHO



Officers

OLIVE BAUGHMAN	<i>President</i>
MARGUERITE JONES	<i>Vice-President</i>
ELEANOR BODDY	<i>Secretary</i>
ELEANOR ORR	<i>Treasurer</i>

Chairmen of Committees

KATHRYN HILL	Devotional
MARGUERITE JONES	Missionary
MEDORA CARUTHERS	Bible Study
NELL NEUDORFER	Finance
ELIZABETH COOPER	Membership
MARGARETTE STREET	Poster
SADIE ALLEN	Music



Hockey

Coach: MISS YOUNG

Mascot: VIOLET MORRIS

White Team

LUZELLE HODGE	(Captain)
HELEN POPE	Half-back
MARION MATHEWS	Full-back
ERNA BACON	Center
GLADYS DALTON	Forward
MAMIE COX	Forward
LELIA OGDEN	Goal-keeper

Gold Team

FLORITA DAMERON	(Captain)
POLLY ROGERS	Half-back
CORA PALMER	Full-back
GWENDOLYN HAYNES	Center
ALICE FICKLIN	Forward
MARY DOUGLAS	Forward
LILYBEL PATTERSON	Forward
LUCILE CHASE	Forward





Tennis

Tennis Club

Officers

MARGUERITE JONES	<i>President</i>
ELIZABETH McDEARMON	<i>Vice-President</i>
KATHRYN VAUGHN HILL	<i>Secretary</i>
MARY CAMPBELL	<i>Treasurer</i>

Members

MEDORA CARUTHERS	ADELLA McCLURE
STELLA WALDHORFF	WINNIE PERRY
IDA CAMP BERRY	RUTH FREEMAN
HAZEL DEAN	RUTH AGRICOLA
LILLIAN DEAN	ELIZABETH INGRAM
SALLIE BAIN	RUTH TRIGG
OLIVE BAUGHMAN	KATHRYN HILL
HELEN CARLOSS	MARGUERITE LEAR
GLADYS SAPP	BIRDIE FLEMIN
RACHAEL SETTLE	JANE TAYLOR
MARGARETTE STREET	JENNIE PORTER WALKER
FLORENCE LEWIS	SARA CARUTHERS
BERTHA HICKS	LETHA STANLEY
ELIZABETH JONES	BERTIE JEAN PENNY
MINNA ETHEL LOMBARD	ELIZABETH McDEARMON
ED LAMPTON	VIRGINIA McDEARMON
ELEANOR BODDY	MABEL RANEY
ROXIE EVERETT	FLORITA DAMERON
MARY CAMPBELL	SADIE ALLEN
GRACE HULL	CALLIE TYSON



Basket-Ball

Blues

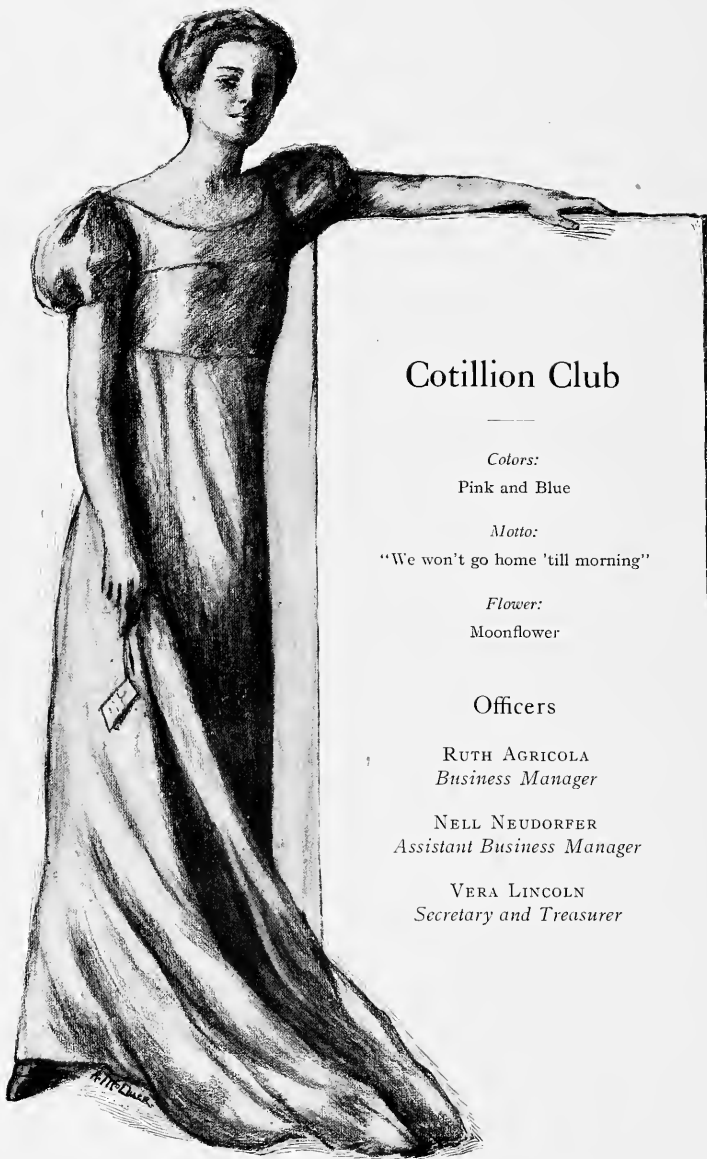
STELLA WALDHORFF	Center
RUTH AGRICOLA (Captain)	Forward
FLORITA DAMERON	Forward
MYRTLE BARNES	Guard
JANE TAYLOR	Guard

Reds

GWENDOLYN HAYNES	Center
ELIZABETH McDEARMON, (Captain)	Forward
MARION MATTHEWS	Forward
BERTIE JEAN PENNY	Guard
MINNA ETHEL LOMBARD	Guard

“On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
To sleep ’till morn, when youth and pleasure meet
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet.”

—Byron



Cotillion Club

Colors:

Pink and Blue

Motto:

"We won't go home 'till morning"

Flower:

Moonflower

Officers

RUTH AGRICOLA

Business Manager

NELL NEUDORFER

Assistant Business Manager

VERA LINCOLN

Secretary and Treasurer

Members Cotillion Club

Misses

FRANCES THORNTON
VERA LINCOLN
MARY LEE TRIGG
MARY RAY TRIMBLE
MARY DOUGLASS
MARIE CORNELLA
RUTH WEBSTER
JESSIE MANN
CARRIE JONES
MARY LUCY FUGATE
LETHA STANLEY
ELIZABETH INGRAM
EDNA LAMPTON
ALICE FELLOWS
WALKER NANCE
AGNES COBLE
GLADYS DALTON
WINNIE PERRY
HAZEL DEAN

Messrs.

ALEEN RHODE
BLANCHE FERRISS
ELEANOR BODDY
ADELLA MCCLURE
RUTH FREEMAN
KATHERINE HILL
IRIS BRANDAU
SALLIE BAIN
KATE MONTGOMERY
SADIE ALLEN
STELLA LEETH
BERTA JEAN PENNY
KATE ECHOLS
ELEANOR ORR
RACHAEL SETTLE
NELL NEUDORFER
ELIZABETH MCDARMON
DORIS PHILLIPS
MABEL RAINEY
MINNIE ETHEL LOMBARD
MARGUERITE LEAR
IRIS FORD
KATHLEEN BALLENTINE

Kodak Club

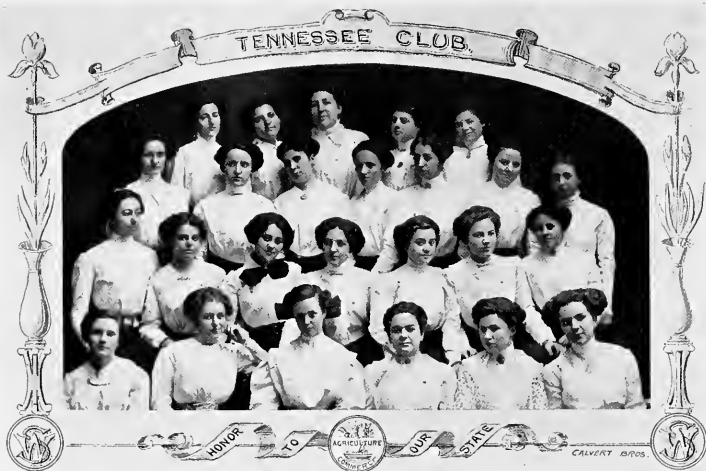
Officers

MEDORA CARUTHERS	<i>President</i>
ELIZABETH COOPER	<i>Vice-President</i>
HAZEL DEAN	<i>Secretary</i>
JIMMIE SMYTHE	<i>Treasurer</i>

Members

RUTH WEBSTER	
JENNIE PORTER WALKER	
CALLIE TYSON	ADA CURTIS
ELIZABETH COOPER	HAZEL DEAN
SALLIE BAIN	GLADYS BAUGHMAN
MARY LEE TRIGG	DAISY STEGALL
MARGARETTE STREET	OLIVE BAUGHMAN
ELEANOR BODDY	MEDORA CARUTHERS
SARAH CARUTHERS	ROXIE EVERETT
MARY LUCY FUGATE	RACHAEL SETTLE
EDNA LAMPTON	JESSIE MANN
MATTIE LOU WALKER	
JIMMIE SMYTHE	





Colors: Light Blue and White

Flower: Marechal Niel Rose

Motto: "Honor to our State"

Officers

MEDORA CARUTHERS	President
CALLIE TYSON	Vice-President
CORINNE GORDON	Secretary
IRIS BRANDAU	Treasurer

Members Tennessee Club

JANE EVE BUCKNER, Spring Hill
IRIS BRANDAU, Clarksville
IDA CAMP BERRY, Shelbyville
IRENE BUSSEY, Henning
ADA CURTIS, McMinnville
MARY CAMPBELL, Brownsville
MAMIE COX, Oliver Springs
LULA MAE COOK, Franklin
SARAH CLARK, Wartrace
SADIE CALDWELL, Milan
AGNES COBLE, Union City
MEDORA CARUTHERS, Jackson
SARAH CARUTHERS, Jackson
GLADYS DALTON, Huntsville
ROXIE MAY EVERETT, Jackson
BIRDIE FLEMIN, Manchester
CORINNE GORDON, Franklin
RUSSELL HENDERSON, Martin
LUZELLE HODGE, Columbia
GRACE HALE, Martin
ELIZABETH INGRAM, Bolivar
ELIZABETH N. JONES, Columbia
CARRIE JONES, Mt. Pleasant
WILLIE JOHNSON, Hartsville

TOPIE LANSDEN, Medon
WALKER NANCE, Jackson
SALLIE McCORKLE, Hairiman
VIOLETTE MORRIS, Paris
JESS MANN, Brownsville
HELEN McMURRAY, Springfield
HELEN POPE, Fayetteville
LILYBEL PATTERSON, Elkton
PAULINE ROGERS, Waverly
EDITH RICKMAN, Hartsville
LUCY SMITH, Franklin
NELL SPARKS, Newport
VIVIAN SPELLINGS, McKenzie
DAISY STEGALL, Jackson
MAUDE THOMPSON, Dayton
CALLIE TYSON, Jackson
JANE TAYLOR, Trenton
RUTH WEBSTER, Jackson
LILLIAN WINGO, Martin
JENNIE PORTER WALKER, Centreville
MATTIE LOU WALKER, Centreville
HARRIETT YOUNG, Dixon Springs
CALSYE YOUNG, Halls
ANNIE LAURIE YOUNG, Halls



Colors: Dark Blue and White

Flower: Wild Rose

Motto: "United we stand, divided we fall"

Officers

BERTA JEAN PENNY	President
RACHAEL SETTLE	Vice-President
MARY LUCY FUGATE	Secretary
ELIZABETH WALTON	Treasurer

Members Kentucky Club

MARY RAY TRIMELE	MARY BRUCE JONES
MARY CARTER STILLEY	RACHAEL COVINGTON SETTLE
BERTA JEAN PENNY	SARAH ELIZABETH ROLLOW
MYRA LOUISE SMITH	ELIZABETH WALTON
ESTHER WALTON	GWENDOLYN HAYNES
RUBY SEAY	MARY LOVING WRIGHT
MARY BRANK GIVENS	CORINNE McCRAW
EMMA BALEE	MARY LUCY FUGATE
EDNA KAVANAUGH	



Alabama Club

Colors: Crimson and White

Flower: Cotton Blossom

Yell:

Roc-a-toc-toc!

Sis-a-boom-Bah!

Alabama! Alabama!

Rah! Rah! Rah!

Officers

KATE ECHOLS	<i>President</i>
DAISY WARTEN	<i>Vice-President</i>
ELIZABETH COOPER	<i>Secretary</i>
STELLA LEETH	<i>Treasurer</i>

Members Alabama Club

RUTH AGRICOLA	Gadsden
ELIZABETH COOPER	Huntsville
MARY DOUGLAS	Birmingham
KATE ECHOLS	New Decatur
ALICE FELLOWS	Montevallo
JOSEPHINE HALL	Montgomery
BERTHA HICKS	Talladega
MABEL RAINEY	Jasper
STELLA LEETH	Bolivar
LEILA OGDEN	Sulligent
MARGARETTE STREET	Guntersville
RUTH TRIGG	Blocton
MARY LEE TRIGG	Blocton
DAISY WARTEN	Athens
LOUISE WARTEN	Athens
MATSEY WARTEN	Athens
MILDRED WELLS	Huntsville



Arkansas Club

Colors: Green and White

Motto: "Never Hurry"

Flower: Apple Blossom

Officers

LETHA STANLEY	<i>President</i>
HAZEL DEAN	<i>Vice-President</i>
KATHLEEN BALLENTINE	<i>Secretary</i>
LUCY DORRIS PHILLIPS	<i>Treasurer</i>

Members Arkansas Club

DICKIE BAIN	Portland
SALLIE M. BAIN	Portland
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FLORRA MAE BRIDEWELL	Hope
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HAZEL DEAN	Hamburg
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ATTIE LEE FORD	Mammoth Springs
MARY LESTER	Lewisville
CATHERINE MCKAY	Fort Smith
LUCY DORRIS PHILLIPS	Malvern
LETHA STANLEY	Ozark
STELLA B. WALDHORFF	Hazen

Toast:

So here's to the girl from Arkansas
 With the sweet languid air and southern drawl,
 Pretty, witty, bright, winning and gay,
 And never ashamed of her State when far away,
 May she grow in knowledge, as she has in grace,
 And possess always the same charm of mind, manner and face.



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Flower: Magnolia

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STELLA BARRON	Ackerman
GERTRUDE McSHANE	Greenwood
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ELOISE CHANDLER	Okolona
SADIE ALLEN	Biloxi
MINNA ETHEL LOMBARD	Lombardy
ANNIE LAURIE WHITSON	Water Valley
KATHRYN HILL	Vicksburg
KATE MONTGOMERY	Yazoo City
MARGUERITE LEAR	Yazoo City



Texas Club

Colors: Gold and White

Flower: Cactus

Motto: "Than which there is nothing greater on earth"

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MARJORIE RAY	Wharton
AILEEN RHODE	Bryan
LORAIN SANDMYER	Columbus
JIMMIE SMYTHE	Uvalde
KATHLEEN WILLIAMS	Sulphur Springs



Colors: Green and Gold

Grain: Wheat

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GLADYS SAPP	Princeton



United States Club

Colors: Red, White and Blue

Flower: Golden Rod

Motto: "E pluribus unum"

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WINNIE PERRY	<i>Vice-President</i>
RUTH FREEMAN	<i>Secretary</i>
FRANCES THORNTON	<i>Treasurer</i>

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VERINA DAVIS	Idaho
LOIS EPPERSON	Florida
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VERA LINCOLN	Michigan
MAURICE LIMERICK	Oklahoma
WINNIE PERRY	Georgia
BROOK SCOTT	Georgia
FRANCES THORNTON	Oklahoma



Louisiana Club

Colors: Olive Green and White

Flower: Magnolia

Motto: "Nos Efforts pour la gloire de notre Stat"

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 LILLIAN MORRIS *Vice-President*
 MARY WINTERS *Secretary and Treasurer*

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 MARIE CORNELLA Ruston
 LILLIAN MORRIS Crowley
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 MARY WINTERS New Iberia



I. F. F. Club

Colors: Pink and Green

Flower: Pink Carnation

Motto: "Eat, drink and be merry"

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MARY LENING WRIGHT	<i>Vice-President</i>
ADA CURTIS	<i>Secretary</i>
LULA MAY COOK	<i>Treasurer</i>

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KATHLEEN WILLIAMS	MAMIE COX
MARY LENING WRIGHT	ADA CURTIS
MARGARET STREET	LUZELLE HODGE
JOSEPHINE HALL	ELIZABETH JONES
LULA MAY COOK	



Miscellaneous

*When I see a young girl
With her hair flowised out
And her wonderful braids in view
And under one eye a little black dot
Bordering a cheek of painted hue;
With all of her pins
And some of her rings
That she got at her dear "prep" school;
It strikes a chord and I say "O Lord,
Was ever I such a fool?"*

HE: Now that we are married, pet, do you love me enough to cook for me?

SHE: Enough, darling? I love you entirely too much for that.

"How shall I break the news to my parents that I have failed in my exams?"

"Merely telegraph them: Examinations over. Nothing new."

"You seem to have gotten your boys interested in mythology very nicely."

"Yes; I explained to them that Hercules held a championship."

"An operation will cost you \$500."

"And is it absolutely necessary?"

"You can't live without it."

"Say, Doc, the high cost of living can't all be blamed on the tariff, can it?"

The definition for logirithym in the trigonometry class is:

"A logirithym is the rythm of a swinging log."

"I want to look at some dresses suitable for automobiling," said the lady. "Yes, ma'am," replied the clerk; "these walking skirts are the thing."

Baby Marjorie, who is a suburbanite, went shopping with her mother for the first time. She had never been in an elevator before. In telling her thrilling adventures to her father, she said: "We went into a little house and the upstairs came down."

"Well, my little man," inquired a visitor pleasantly, "who are you?"

"I'm the baby's brother!" was the ingenious reply.

"Why did the salt-shaker?"

"Because he saw the lemon squeezer, the potato-masher, and the spoon-holder."

SUFFRAGETTE: "What is a party without women?"

MERE MAN (flippantly): "A stag party."

SUFFRAGETTE: "Exactly. And what, sir, would this nation be without women but stagnation?"

"How do you suppose she ever landed that stunning husband?"

"Why—er—he's a collector of antiques."

TEACHER: "If you wear one pair of shoes three months, how long will two pair last?"

JIMMIE: "A year."

TEACHER: "Oh no; how do you get that?"

JIMMIE: "I don't wear any in the summer."

A man and a woman accidentally touched each other's feet under the table.

"Secret telegraphy," said he.

"Communion of soles" she said.

They had been engaged for exactly forty-seven seconds by the clock.

"Clara, dear," queried the happy youth, who had a streak of romance running up and down his person, "will you promise to love me for ever?"

"I'd like to, George," replied the practical maid, "but really I don't expect to live so long."

In a country store a young boy was under discussion by the cracker barrel committee. Jones had just remarked: "That boy's a regular fool. He don't know nothing; he don't know enough to come in when it rains." Then he discovered the boy's father, who had overheard the remark, and wishing to appease him, he said, "Well, Sam, 'taint your fault. You learned him all you knew."

"Your daughter's musical education must have cost a lot of money?"

"Yes, it did, but I've got it all back."

"Indeed."

"Yes. I'd been trying to buy the house next door for years and they wouldn't sell. But since she's home, they sold it to me for half-price."

MARY (on the sea shore): John, dear, do you think the moon has any effect on the tide?"

JOHN: "I don't know about the tide, but it certainly has on the untied."

In a small town in Kentucky, during a business meeting of the church, a lady, in the rear, rose to give her opinion of the subject under discussion. The presiding officer reminded her, as follows: "Sister, do you remember what Paul said about women speaking in public?" "Yes, she replied, but Paul didn't know what fools our husbands were going to be."

MISS BOGLE (accidentally running against one of the dummies in Lebeck's ready-to-wear dept.): "Oh! I beg your pardon."

EMMA BALEE: Do we have to look up Statues on Avon for Literature to-day? Miss Ross says Shakespeare lived there.

RUTH AGRICOLA (in German class): Fraulein, was the German Empire divided up into states like Alabama?

Ques.: What is that from which, if the whole is taken, some remains?

Ans.: Wholesome.

Katherine Edwards says that she doesn't see the point in the following joke which appeared in the MARCH SENTINEL: Thackeray wrote half of the Marble Faun while he was drunk.

BELLE STROUD: Is a pastoral poem one that deals with pastors?

Sunday is the strongest day because the rest are week (weak) days: yet why so often broken?

She loved him dearly,
He loved her not a bit,
Yet fate decreed, that very night
They side by side should sit

Say something sweet, dear, said she:
As through her colored glasses
She eyed him fondly, as he spoke
The single word, molasses

I asked a maiden for her hand,
She said to me, "Go ask Dad."
She knew that I knew her father was dead,
She knew that I knew what a life he'd led,
So she knew that I knew
What she meant when she said,
"Go ask Dad."

Three's a crowd, and there were three.
She, the parlor lamp, and he;
Two's a company, and I've no doubt
That's why the parlor lamp went out.

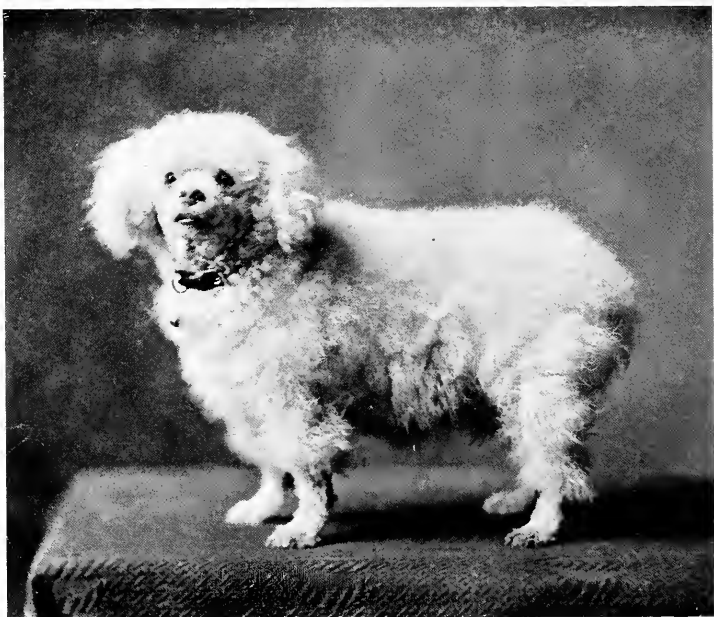


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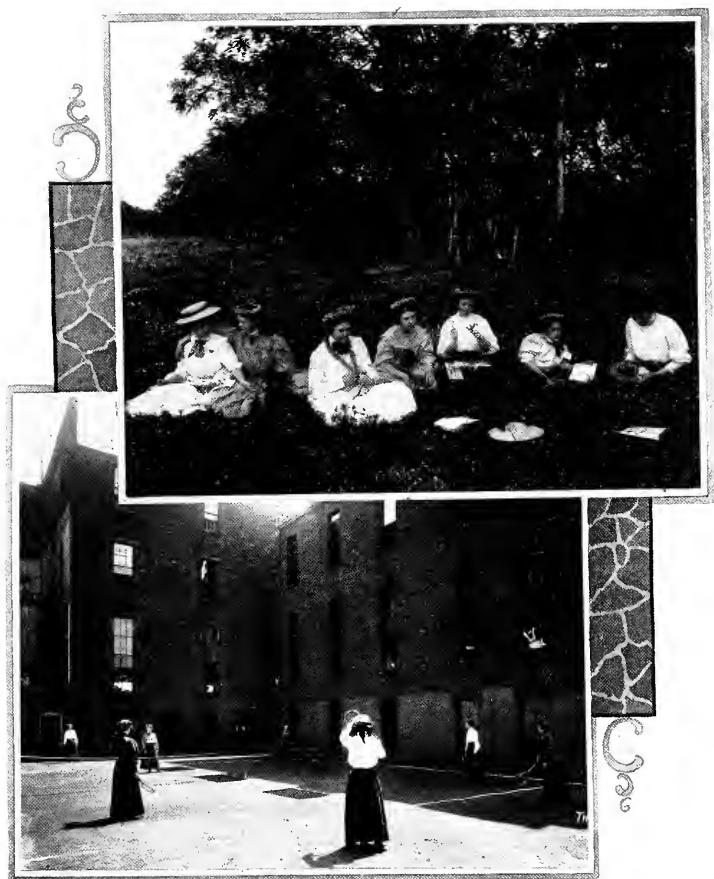
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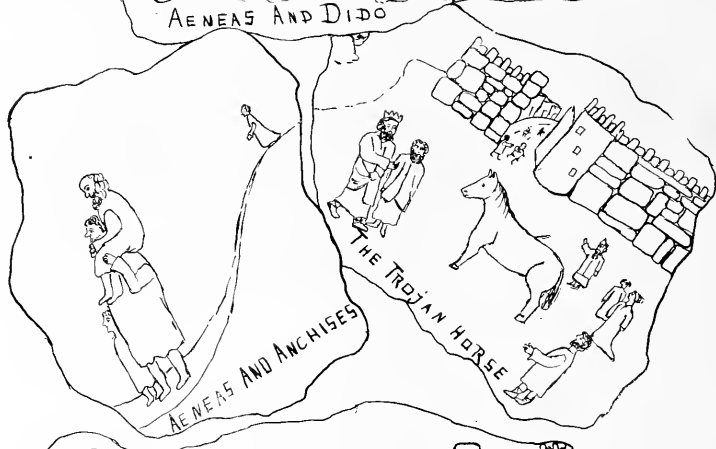


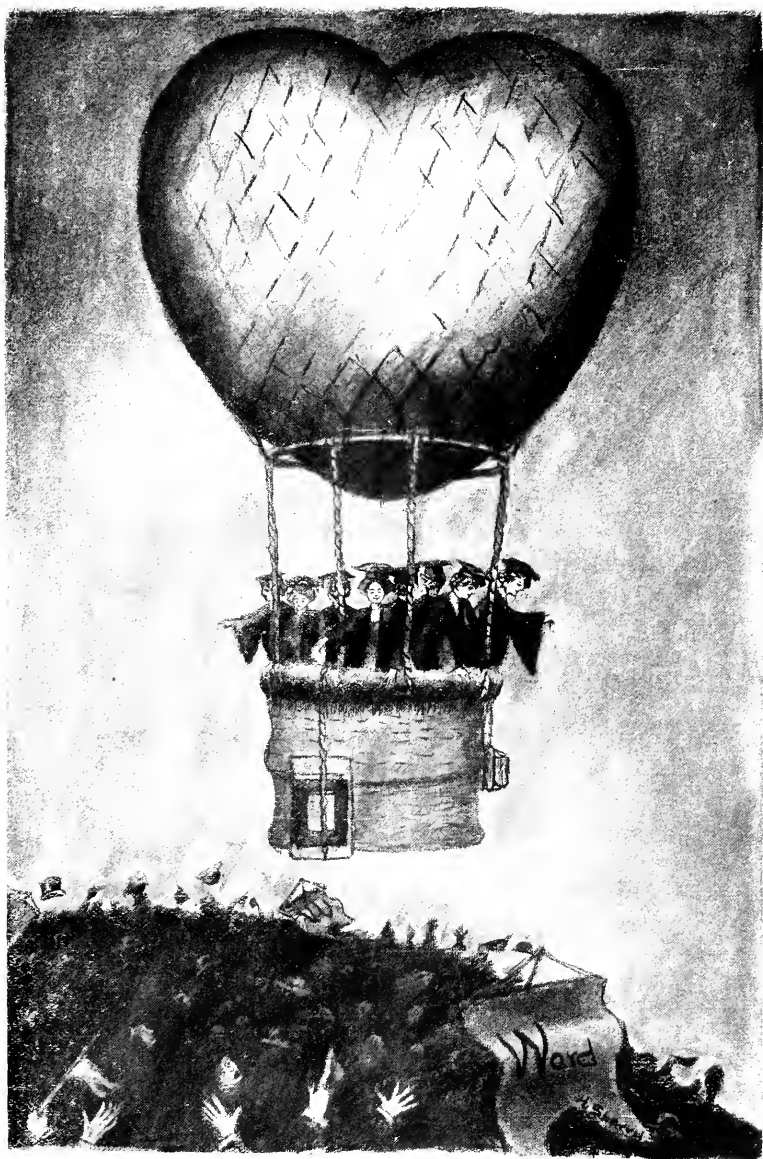
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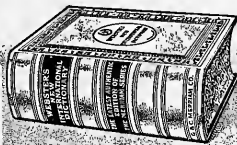
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